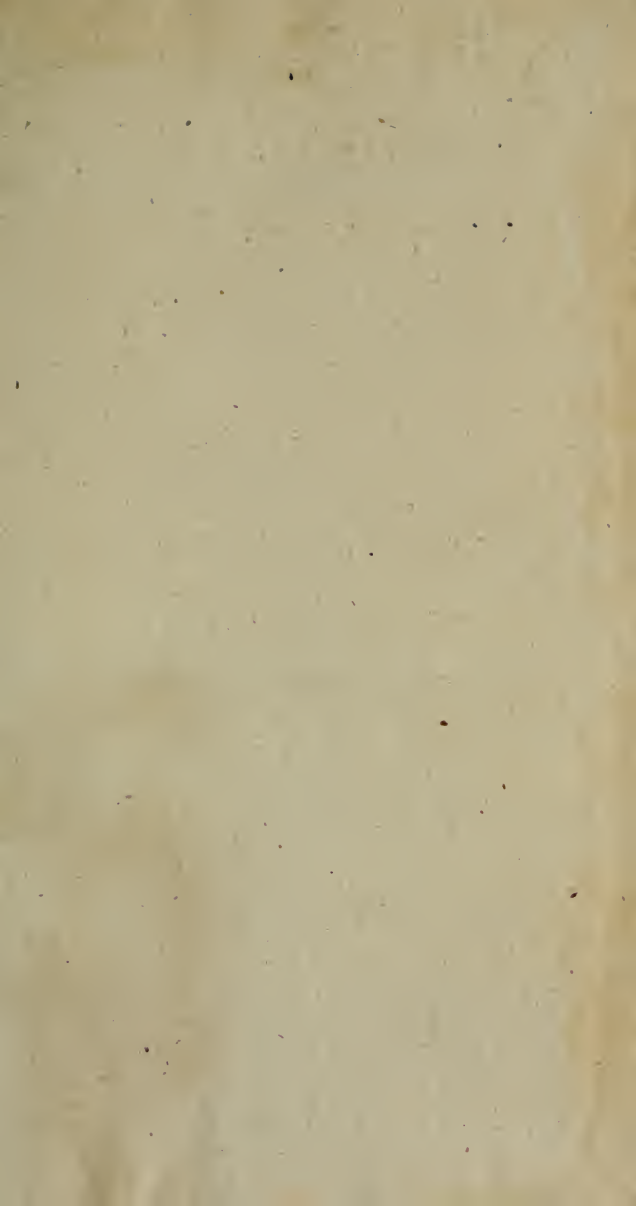


LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF ILLINOIS

823

DIGk

v.2







# THE KNIGHTS:

## TALES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

*THE MARVELLOUS.*

---

---

BY R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

---

---

Her husband's to Aleppo gone—  
But in a sieve I'll thither fail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1808.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges

at the Sign of the Sun in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1679

Price 1s.

Strahan and Preston,  
Printers-Street, London.

823  
D16 R  
v. 2

# CONTENTS

## OF

### THE SECOND VOLUME.

---

#### THE KNIGHT OF TOURS.

	Page
CHAP. IX.       -   -   -   -	1
CHAP. X.       -   -   -   -	33
CHAP. XI.       -   -   -   -	58
CHAP. XII.       -   -   -   -	109

---

#### THE KNIGHTS ERRANT.

##### CHAP. I.

Introduction of the hero and heroine.—The  
grand proof of love—how our hero fails in  
it. Confidants necessary in love.—Like  
master, like man       -   -   -   131

CHAP.

## CHAP. II.

An heroic lover nothing without his horse.—	Page
The Squire's dilemma—Love in a wood—	
Our hero commits an unpardonable crime	152

## CHAP. III.

Necessary quarrel.—Our hero abandons his dwelling. Terrifying occurrence on the road.—Proceedings of the Knight and Squire at a little inn	- - - -	172
--	---------	-----

## CHAP. IV.

Our hero walks forth.—Where he seated himself, and the wonderful consequences	191
---	-----

## CHAP. V.

Aistheseians in the morning.—How the knight got a horse, and rode away upon it.—The adventure of the Iatros's horse.—An Aisthesian custom	- - - -	215
---	---------	-----

## CHAP. VI.

The nature of fashion and taste in Aisthesis.—The office of suggester.—The Knight takes a view of the capital.—A school of Science.	
A painter's antichamber	- - - - 255

THE  
KNIGHT OF TOURS.

---

CHAP. IX.

Sicilian tortures and the brazen bull  
Are emblems, rather than express the full  
Of what he feels.

WE left Egremont in a remote forest under the care of an unknown old man, to whom he was about to relate the melancholy events of his life. Having, by the assiduity of the virtuous hermit recovered a considerable degree of strength, he addressed him in the following words :

“ Father, I am descended of a noble  
 “ family, but the fortune of my parents  
 “ being inadequate to the pretensions of  
 “ their birth, I was, while yet a child,  
 “ entered as a page in the service of a  
 “ sovereign of one of the provinces that  
 “ compose the great and glorious empire  
 “ of the Lillies.

“ In that character the Prince re-  
 “ ceived me, heaped his favours upon  
 “ me, and honoured me with such kind-  
 “ ness, that in the end I forgot myself,  
 “ and repaid his goodness with the  
 “ blackest ingratitude.

“ He had but one child, a daughter  
 “ worthy of his love, and equal to his  
 “ sanguine hopes. \* Alas! I fear he has  
 “ no longer a daughter: forgive my  
 “ tears; the remembrance of the woes  
 “ I have caused force them from me,  
 “ they spring from my shame and my  
 “ remorse.

“ No

“ No Princess was ever more worthy of her rank : never was there one more illustrious born to a crown. Her charming countenance, the faithful image of the noble qualities of her mind, was a combination of vivacity, discretion, goodness, sweetness, dignity, and modesty. What a charm in the tone of her voice ! What an enchanting grace and softness in her smile ! how affable, how attractive her manners, yet how dignified ! Her address so pleasing, so flattering, gained all hearts by its first impression. She had every accomplishment, the seeds of every virtue ; she was admired, she was idolized by the people ! and I—  
“ alas ! wretch that I am ; I have destroyed this noble work, on which nature and education had lavished all their powers ! I was permitted to attach myself to her service ; she distin-

“ guished me from my companions, and  
“ unfortunately honoured me with some  
“ partial attentions, yet without forget-  
“ ing what she owed to herself.

“ We were of the same age, and too  
“ young to be on our guard against the  
“ feelings by which we were led away :  
“ an imperious passion took possession of  
“ our hearts before we reflected that it  
“ was our duty to oppose it, and when  
“ we became sensible of the error, we  
“ were both too much ashamed of it to  
“ confide it to others.

“ Left to our inexperience, we each  
“ secretly cherished the flame that con-  
“ sumed us, and of which our looks were  
“ the sole interpreters. At length my  
“ reason came powerfully to my aid, and  
“ snatched me from the dangerous pre-  
“ cipice on which I fondly slumbered : I  
“ I saw with terror the dreadful abyss  
“ into which I was about to plunge, and  
“ being



“ being now at a proper age for the pro-  
“ fession of arms, hopeless of gaining a  
“ conquest over my passion, I rushed into  
“ the perils of war with the view of end-  
“ ing a life become insupportable.

“ Anxious to deserve the regret of  
“ her whom I loved better than myself;  
“ eager to be less unworthy of the feel-  
“ ings she cherished in my favour, and  
“ to make them more excusable in her  
“ eyes, I became rash in the extreme, I  
“ courted every danger, I achieved ex-  
“ ploits, which common sense deemed  
“ impracticable, and at which even vete-  
“ ran valour was astonished. Oh hea-  
“ vens ! why prosper my arms, when  
“ their success was to become so dread-  
“ ful to me ! The mad acts that court-  
“ ed death obtained me the most flatter-  
“ ing distinctions ; I was recalled to  
“ court, created a Knight, and received  
“ the title of Chevalier.

“ I again beheld her on whose ac-  
“ count I had fought death, and for  
“ whom alone I could have valued life;  
“ her to whom I was indebted for the un-  
“ expected glory with which I found my-  
“ self surrounded. For, indeed, father,  
“ to my shame I speak it, whatever the  
“ advantages I have gained in war,  
“ whatever the glory that has attached  
“ to the actions of my life, whatever the  
“ qualities supposed in me, and wrongly  
“ distinguished by the name of virtues,  
“ of none of them does the honour be-  
“ long to me. It was alone the thought  
“ of her whom I loved that elevated my  
“ soul, that animated and inflamed me,  
“ that confirmed my courage. She was  
“ the spring of all my actions: to her I  
“ owe every thing—and yet I—I—O  
“ heaven! what a return! I have been  
“ the cause of all her sorrow, I have sul-  
“ lied her glory, I have killed her.

“ When again we saw each other,  
“ shame,

“ shame, joy, and confusion sparkled re-  
“ ciprocally in our eyes. I was intoxi-  
“ cated, I lost my senses, I became more  
“ and more blind to my danger ; and a  
“ singular and unexpected meeting com-  
“ pleted my destruction.

“ A canary bird which she had raised,  
“ and of which she was very fond, esca-  
“ ped from its cage, and all the attempts  
“ in and near the palace to recover it  
“ were fruitless. I saw in the Princess’s  
“ looks the grief she felt for a loss which  
“ she considered as irreparable ; I sym-  
“ pathized in her feelings, I was still  
“ more wretched than herself, nor could  
“ I rest till I removed the cause of her  
“ affliction : I went in pursuit of her little  
“ favourite, and was fortunate enough,  
“ alas ! I should say unfortunate enough,  
“ to catch it. Eager to give its lovely  
“ mistress an agreeable surprise, I flew to  
“ her bathing room where its deserted

“ cage still hung, intending unobserved  
“ to leave it in its usual place. To avoid  
“ being seen I stole up a private stair-case,  
“ and opening the door of the bath went  
“ hastily in. What became of me !  
“ Heavens ! the Princess was in the bath,  
“ and alone. Surprized at seeing me,  
“ and confounded at the situation in  
“ which she appeared before me, she  
“ sprung from the marble basin and at-  
“ tempted to fly into the adjoining dres-  
“ sing-room. Oh my father ! what was  
“ my emotion ! O virtue can’st thou  
“ thus desert us ! Spare me, father !  
“ the confession of a crime at the bare  
“ idea of which I shudder, and of which  
“ the consequences have been so dread-  
“ ful.

“ From that time, I dared no more to  
“ appear before her whom I had so cru-  
“ elly wronged : and had I not foreseen  
“ that she might in time stand in need of  
“ my

“ my assistance, I should have instantly  
“ put an end to my life. My melanco-  
“ ly foresight was but too well founded :  
“ the Princess gave birth to an infant no-  
“ less unfortunate than herself. All the  
“ assistance she received was from a  
“ friend on whom she could depend and  
“ myself, yet the secret could not be kept  
“ from officiousness and suspicion. I  
“ took the child, and, wrapping it up as  
“ well as I could, endeavoured, by flight,  
“ to save it from the untimely death with  
“ which it was threatened. The ene-  
“ mies whom I had so deservedly made,  
“ did not give me time to do it, I was  
“ compelled to abandon it on a retired  
“ road which I had taken, and I have  
“ no doubt that it became the prey of  
“ my pursuers or of some wild beast.—”

Here Egremont overcome by the excess of his grief was again obliged to pause, being threatened with a swoon

that would have been still more dangerous than the former one. The friendly old man had recourse again to his salutary vial, whose effects were so wonderful. Egremont recovered, but the anguish of his soul deprived him of all expression except that of tears.

“My son,” said the hermit, “your weakness was, no doubt, extremely blame-  
“able ; your repentance and your sorrow  
“I think but just ; yet why despair ? why  
“condemn yourself so rigorously ? Come,  
“come, leave the balance to Him who  
“alone knows the force of our incli-  
“nations, the weakness of nature, and the  
“danger of opportunity ; and if your  
“misfortunes are proportioned to your  
“fault, perhaps they are not at the  
“height you imagine them to be. Make  
“a trial of your strength ; endeavour to  
“follow me to the cell I have managed  
“to make for myself, where you shall take  
“some

“ some refreshment and rest. It is not  
 “ impossible, and heaven, whose inspira-  
 “ tion I feel, allows me to hope it, that  
 “ I may even be able to make you ac-  
 “ quainted with things that may soothe  
 “ your grief.”

Assisted by the hermit, who supported  
 him as much as the feebleness of his age  
 would permit, the Knight walked slowly  
 to the rustic abode which his host had  
 dug out of a rock. Some field flowers  
 enlivened the spot before it. A wild  
 vine hung around the entrance; within,  
 a table, two stools roughly put together,  
 a shelf made of two boards, and a mat on  
 dried leaves composed all its furniture.

Faint with long fasting, Egremont stood  
 in need of nourishment. He found a  
 supply of dressed roots, aromatic herbs,  
 dried dates, and wild fruits. This is  
 simple food, but it satisfies nature.

Having made a frugal repast, the lover



of Hippolita concluded his account of what he did after he left Tours to save his son's life, if possible, and to escape himself the shame of punishment. He had determined never to lose sight of the sovereign whose confidence he had so cruelly abused. He was constantly near him, but so disguised as not to be known, anxious to encounter death in his service, hoping to deserve at least, if it was impossible to obtain, his pardon.

Truth, candour, and modesty marked the narrative of our young hero.

“ Consider, my son,” said the reverend sage, “ how wonderful the events are which you have related to me, and see in them the decrees of heaven, which seems to have guided your arm, and combated for you. Your designs, your enterprises, and even your successes have failed to produce the effect your prudence promised you; but  
“ your



“ your prudence is limited, and no doubt  
“ the enjoyment of the blessings you as-  
“ pire to demands new trials of your vir-  
“ tue. Be not discouraged. What I  
“ know of you shows me that you have  
“ entered upon the career of an illustri-  
“ ous destiny. Prepare yourself to un-  
“ dertake all that may be requisite to at-  
“ tain the height to which you are called ;  
“ and I dare promise that you will justify  
“ my predictions.”

“ Alas ! what hopes can I have, fa-  
“ ther ?” replied Egremont, “ if I have  
“ lost, and I cannot doubt it, the only  
“ objects of my attachment on earth, my  
“ son, and her ———— for think not  
“ my fatal passion is extinguished—I love  
“ —..yes———” “ Command yourself  
“ my son,” replied the hermit : “ a pas-  
“ sion, in itself, is not an evil, but in  
“ such excess must be disapproved by re-  
“ ligion and by reason. Into what a  
“ dreadful

“ dreadful perturbation does yours plunge  
“ you ! It blinds you to such a degree as  
“ to realize in your mind all your fears,  
“ and to cause you, while heaven loads  
“ you with favours, to think nothing of  
“ them, and to lose all the confidence  
“ you should have in Providence. Come,  
“ it is time I should make you blush  
“ for your injustice, and in teaching you  
“ what you ought to do, compel you to  
“ be yourself again, at sight of the prodigies  
“ which heaven has deigned to  
“ work in your favour.”

Saying this, the hermit took a bowl, which while at table he had made use of in a common way, and filled it with clear water, into which he poured a mixture with the efficacy of which he was well acquainted. The water moved, bubbled, and became cloudy : there rose from it a thick vapour which spread throughout the cell and banished light.

The

The vapour gradually dispersed, and the bottom of the bowl, through the water, now clearer than ever, discovered to the eyes of Egremont views which the hermit explained to him.

Egremont beheld the palace of Tours and the court of Sybilla: there was nothing confused in the objects, they were rendered clear by a brilliant light; they were distinguished by their forms and colours; they had ample room to move and act at liberty.

Such a sheet of transparent water in a bowl would present to our eyes, the vast prospect of the firmament, the active, regular, and majestic motion of the celestial spheres, the uncertain course of the clouds, driven furiously to contrary points by different winds.

“ Look, my son,” said the reverend man, “ behold the walls within which  
“ your

“ your infancy was passed, within which  
“ your love and your misfortunes com-  
“ menced. Behold that haughty wo-  
“ man, who beneath feigned zeal and  
“ affected compassion conceals the emo-  
“ tions of hatred and of ambition that  
“ prey upon her heart. The Count of  
“ Tours is just set out for Palestine: she  
“ received his orders to throw the unfor-  
“ tunate Princess into prison, and seems  
“ hesitating on the execution of his will  
“ till she shall have taken the opinion of  
“ the ministers and courtiers who sur-  
“ round her. Perfidious flattery per-  
“ suades the step-dame to obey the pas-  
“ sions which enslave her, while honour,  
“ too circumspect, and truth ever trem-  
“ bling at court, look down, preserve a  
“ a mournful silence, and retire.

“ The order already resolved in the  
“ Countess's heart is soon given: she  
“ walks herself at the head of her inhu-  
“ man

“ man satellites to drive the unhappy  
“ Hippolita from her chamber.”

Egremont, at sight of the tragic scene exposed to his view by the hermit, became a prey to the most violent passions, and forgot that what now passed before his eyes was but the effect of an illusion, retracing a distant action. He writhed, he groaned, he broke forth into ejaculations, and, calling for arms to fall upon the enemies of her whom he adores, was about to dash into the enchanted bowl.

“ What are you doing, my son,” cried the hermit. “ In the objects you behold  
“ there is nothing real but their exact  
“ resemblance to facts now passed, and  
“ of which they are but a lively picture.  
“ Restrain such transports which are not  
“ only useless but hurtful, and forbear  
“ disturbing with your tears that water,  
“ that faithful mirror, which perhaps  
“ will

“ will soon present events less atrocious  
“ than those it has now displayed.

“ See the walls within which the mer-  
“ ciless Sybilla commands vanish : recol-  
“ lect those fertile plains, those flowering  
“ woods, that river whose majestic stream  
“ enriches and adorns the happy country  
“ which it waters. There is the very  
“ place where, closely pursued by your  
“ implacable enemies, you were obliged  
“ to swim across the Loire. See your  
“ beloved infant, that precious charge  
“ which you were compelled to leave ex-  
“ posed upon the bank. Oh ! goodness  
“ divine ! whilst thou confoundest the  
“ savage persecutors of innocence, thou  
“ raisest up help for it, and providest it  
“ with resources most wonderful and  
“ unexpected !

“ Thou willest ! and immediately the  
“ wild beast drops its ferocity ; its in-  
“ stinct spreads beyond the limits of its  
“ nature ;

“ nature ; it assumes a sensibility of  
 “ which men themselves seem bereft !

“ Thou openest the heart ! and hu-  
 “ manity takes the most powerful pos-  
 “ session of the minds of men whom se-  
 “ vere and daily labour must have com-  
 “ pletely hardened !

“ A hind wanders over the country  
 “ in search of her fawn taken by  
 “ hunters. Happy Egremont ! happy  
 “ father ! see how she is attracted by the  
 “ cries of the child you left behind ! One  
 “ would think she had found the prize  
 “ she lost. How she runs up, caresses it,  
 “ suckles it, forgetful of her own safety !

“ A peasant by chance, or rather by a  
 “ wise direction led to the spot, observes  
 “ this extraordinary sight. The tender  
 “ nurse looks at him with an anxious  
 “ air, but does not endeavour to escape  
 “ by flight, and appears to have lost her  
 “ natural timidity.

“ The



“ The countryman approaching takes  
“ the child into his arms, the hind rends  
“ the air with her bemoaning, and walks  
“ round the guiltless robber; she looks  
“ him in the face and bounds before him;  
“ never more will she quit the treasure she  
“ believes she has recovered; she accom-  
“ panies the man, who, delighted with  
“ the prodigy he has witnessed, hastens  
“ to his cottage, where his family press  
“ around him, wondering at the com-  
“ panions he brings with him.

“ Courage, courage, Knight! a simple  
“ but virtuous cottager is the nurse of that  
“ child, for whose fate you have suffered  
“ so much. If you should one day ap-  
“ pease the just displeasure of heaven,  
“ and enjoy a happier lot, seek the spot  
“ where the river Cher, after watering  
“ the smiling plains of Liege, Montri-  
“ chard, Blere, and Chenonceaux, runs  
“ to lose itself below Langets, and mix its  
“ waters



“ waters with those of the Loire ; there  
“ will you find the son whom you have  
“ wept as lost. Oh ! that he might one  
“ day be pressed to the bosom and bath-  
“ ed with the tears of a fond mother ! But  
“ alas ! it is to be feared she may herself  
“ sink under the severe trials she is made  
“ to endure !

“ Turn your eyes towards that antique  
“ tower ; observe that dismal prison.  
“ The small loophole scarcely gives en-  
“ trance to the fresh air. The light,  
“ broken and reflected by oblique wind-  
“ ings, seems hardly admitted, or but just  
“ enough to render the horrid dungeon  
“ visible in diminished darkness.

“ A space hardly wide enough to al-  
“ low liberty to the movements of the  
“ body, enclosed by thick walls, over-  
“ spread with a filthy green slime, is the  
“ horrible place where, among insects  
“ and venomous reptiles, they have shame-  
“ fully

“ fully confined her whom I dare not  
“ name, that masterpiece of nature, that  
“ paragon of mildness and patience.

“ A half worn mat is all the furniture  
“ allowed her. She exists on gross and  
“ unwholesome food seasoned only with  
“ her tears. Even this satisfies not the  
“ barbarous step-mother, who violates  
“ the door of her dungeon to insult the  
“ victim whose mildness and constancy  
“ irritate instead of disarming her.

“ Now seems the sufferer forgotten by  
“ all : of the whole Court, whose idol  
“ she had been, no one dares to speak in  
“ her favour. Annette alone ventures  
“ at length to shew some attention to  
“ her. The feelings of that fond nurse  
“ rebel against the new horrors practised  
“ on her beloved Princess ; unrestrained  
“ by any consideration, unawed by dan-  
“ ger, she makes her way across a deep  
“ and muddy moat, deemed impassable,  
“ to

“ to the foot of the tower, where she  
“ stands listening. Feeble but affecting  
“ groans attract her to the loophole ; she  
“ knows the voice.—‘ Ah !’ cries she,  
“ it is, it is you, my child ! so let me call  
“ you, and heaven grant that the tender  
“ title may yet bless your ears from him  
“ who gave you a right to it. And do  
“ you still live ? How did I tremble, when  
“ I learned, in spite of the profound secre-  
“ cy observed, of the indignity and cruelty  
“ with which you were treated ! But  
“ you live ! May you have strength  
“ enough to struggle with your fate ! Ah  
“ my child ! I should die in despair did I  
“ not think my life may yet be useful to  
“ you. Oh ! my Sovereign ! what cruel  
“ demon blinded you when you left us so  
“ fully in the power of an unnatural ti-  
“ gress ? Be comforted, my child, exert  
“ your fortitude, and place unbounded  
“ confidence in heaven, which has not  
“ de-

‘ deserted you. Your lover and your  
‘ child are saved. The anger of heaven  
‘ has blinded and fallen upon your perse-  
‘ cutors. I know that your enemies,  
‘ driven to despair by the failure of their  
‘ past attempts, are conspiring against  
‘ your life. I fear nothing from their  
‘ open attacks ; their secret ones indeed  
‘ ——— but from this danger I may save  
‘ you. Take nothing from their hands.  
‘ I will myself daily, after dark, bring you  
‘ nourishment sufficient to preserve your  
‘ life, of which I conjure you to be care-  
‘ ful for my sake, for I cannot survive  
‘ you ; for the sake of a people whom  
‘ fear at present reduces to silence, but  
‘ who adore you and have no hope but  
‘ in you ; for the sake of a father who  
‘ certainly grieves though he chastises.  
‘ How would he shudder if he knew  
‘ with what cruelty he is obeyed ! Your  
‘ lover himself, if I may listen to the  
‘ hope

‘ hope which my heart keeps alive, will  
‘ disarm him by his virtues. Live, live,  
‘ my child, were it for your own sake  
‘ alone. Reflect that were you to die at  
‘ present it would be with disgrace and  
‘ ignominy, and that it is your duty to  
‘ recover your glory.’

In this manner did the hermit give with his voice the expressions of Annette, which the animated action of the affectionate nurse, represented naturally at the bottom of the bowl, confirmed to the life.

Now a feeble ray of light for a moment pierces the dungeon and discovers Hippolita pale, emaciated, and trembling. She rises with pain, and standing as high as she can, collects her strength to reply to the kindness of her nurse, now exhausted with exertion and anguish.

Egremont gazes with the utmost eagerness at the sight before his eyes. The various passions that affect his soul ap-

pear by turns in his countenance ; he shudders, rages, sighs, speaks, writhes, and is confounded : but in a moment these objects so mournful, so suited to touch his heart, vanish.

The tower in which Hippolita is confined, and the castle to which it belongs, are no longer seen through the magic bowl. The adjacent plain is seen from one end to the other covered with an innumerable multitude of warriors : their superb array, their fierce and menacing appearance spread awe and terror as they move.

The affrighted villagers, with their family in tears, loaded with part of their little property, and driving their flocks before them, retreat precipitately into the towns. At a distance the country is seen in flames, the streams are stained with blood, and the earth drenched with it : the fields are covered with dead bodies and men dying. Birds of prey, attracted  
by

by the repast prepared for them by the sweeping falchion of death, hover in the air on all sides.

Kings at arms, habited in their robes, with sceptres in their hands, appear at the council assembled by Sybilla, and summon her to surrender the capital at discretion to Richard duke of Britany, to save the state of which she is regent, and the people whom she governs, from the extreme of misery.

“ Learn my son,” said the hermit to Egremont, “ the cause of Tourain being  
“ delivered up to fire and sword, and all  
“ the horrors of the direst war.

“ Sybilla’s son, not content with dishonouring himself in Britany by unparalleled brutality, shocking meannesses,  
“ and affronts offered to the duke himself, committed the most horrible outrages in the country, for which Rich-



“ard has in vain demanded satisfaction.

“The imperious countess thinks that  
“her son may do whatever he pleases  
“with impunity: she knows that the  
“Breton army is on its march to fall  
“upon the states under her government,  
“yet disdaining to enter into negotiations  
“which might avert the storm, she as-  
“sembles around her the few knights  
“whom age or infirmity prevented from  
“following Sigismond to the Holy Land,  
“and blind enough to believe that her  
“feeble resources may at least balance  
“fortune between her and the enemies  
“whom she has brought upon herself, she  
“determines, whatever the consequence,  
“to sacrifice every thing rather than  
“condescend to the slightest submission.

“The Bretons, exasperated at the  
“haugh-



“ haughtiness with which she refuses the  
 “ justice they demand, vigorously press  
 “ the siege of Tours which they have  
 “ undertaken. The Touranese, shut up  
 “ within the walls, oppose their enemies  
 “ with bravery supported by the re-  
 “ sources of experience.

“ See, my son, see,” continued the  
 hermit, “ with what determined fury  
 “ they fight on both sides ; see how vic-  
 “ tory, wavering, passes alternately from  
 “ one to the other : alas ! how dearly  
 “ will the conqueror purchase it !

“ Unhappy citizens ! your skill and  
 “ courage are in vain ; a dreadful scourge  
 “ confederates with the arms of your  
 “ besiegers to facilitate their triumph  
 “ and your defeat. Already do I ob-  
 “ serve the meagre looks and languid  
 “ movements, proofs too evident of the  
 “ hunger which, famishing your soldiers,  
 “ deprive them of strength to defend the

“ breaches, or even to bear the weight of  
“ their armour; their emaciated bodies  
“ sink their feeble knees. How will  
“ they support the fresh attacks now  
“ preparing against them! I see formid-  
“ able machines advancing. How I  
“ dread ——— !”

“ Oh Tours! Oh my country! Oh  
“ my beloved Hippolita!” exclaimed the  
distracted Egremont, interrupting the  
venerable sage, whom he continued ad-  
dressing as he wept—“ Virtuous, enlight-  
“ ened mortal, beloved of heaven, who  
“ by its permission have wrought such  
“ wonders before me, I prostrate myself  
“ before you; take pity on the state I  
“ am in: feel for the misfortunes of my  
“ country; teach me to fly to the assist-  
“ ance of the dearest objects of my heart,  
“ let me save them and die myself.”

“ This ardour, these emotions, my  
“ son,” replied the good anchorite,  
“ are

“ are worthy the greatness of your soul :  
“ put your hope in him who has hitherto  
“ supported you. What my advice and fee-  
“ ble power can contribute to the accom-  
“ plishment of its will and of your wishes,  
“ shall not be wanting. The distance  
“ you have to travel is immense ; every  
“ moment is precious. Go ; return  
“ by the same path which brought  
“ us to my cell, to the banks of the tor-  
“ rent where I met you. You will see  
“ a number of wild horses drinking at  
“ the stream : go up boldly to them ;  
“ they will not run away on seeing you.  
“ Lay hold of the first you come to ;  
“ it would be useless to waste time in  
“ choosing : the aid in reserve for you  
“ does not derive its efficacy from any  
“ virtue inherent in them, but from the  
“ will of him who sends them to  
“ you.”

The hermit had scarcely finished these

words, when Egremont, penetrated with gratitude, again embraced his benefactor, begged his blessing, and left him.

## CHAP. X.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair  
That ere deserv'd a watchful spirit's care.  
Some dire disaster, or by force or flight  
But what or where the fates have wrapped in night.

VIOLETTA, alone with Grouvelle, in a solitary forest obscured by the shade of night, was compelled to hear a language she had checked before. He extolled her charms, he expressed their effect upon his heart. It is dangerous to listen to the voice of love. Great was Violetta's danger; when suddenly in the midst of his raptures, the musician felt himself benumbed, as if he had been struck by a torpedo. Ashamed of the heaviness that

had seized him, he was striving to hide it, when it was betrayed by a scandalous and unloverlike yawn which escaped him.

She was yet wondering what issue her adventure would have, when fresh yawns, rapidly succeeding each other, redoubled her surprise. The foe she dreaded, soon overcome by sleep that had been announced by such indelicate forerunners, fell flat upon the turf, stretched himself out, closed his eyes, and snored till he made the forest ring. Amazed, and indignant, the lady rose hastily, and quitted a companion for whom, in every respect, she had cause to blush, muttering as may be supposed; “ what a contemptible “ fellow is this !”

To understand this adventure, it is necessary to know to what part of the globe chance had conveyed Violetta. It was a neck of land on the coast of Naxos, a province of the Greek empire.

This neck of land, exposed to the incursions of pirates, was an uncultivated desert ; but it was otherwise with the interior of the country, and even at a few hundred paces from the wood which sheltered the fair traveller and the musician, there was a tolerably handsome seat, the master of which was named Zama.

He was a Grecian chevalier of distinguished birth : he had made a figure in his youth at Constantinople, where he dissipated his fortune. Finding himself no longer young, and being without resource, he threw himself into the arms of a rich widow, called the Lady Martinot, who was mistress of an extensive range of fishponds, but at the same time possessing an estate of far greater consequence ; for by means of an intercourse which she kept up with spirits of a certain order she had become the sovereign of vassals very differ-

ent fishes and frogs ; in short she was an enchantress.

She was old and excessively ugly. As to her character, she was not only whimsical, authoritative, restless, jealous, sour, bustling, humoursome, vindictive, implacable, fond of herself, and of herself alone, she did evil upon principle, and occasionally a little good, when it was to be the cause of more harm. She had, however, been agreeable company enough : but she shut her doors against all the world, and then she quarrelled with nobody at home—except her husband and servants: to these it is true she never allowed a moment's quiet.

This interrupted her husband a little in the enjoyment of her fortune, and, whether it were the result of philosophy or necessity, he led a life completely retired. Great was the pity, for he knew the  
world,



world, and was possessed of a thousand little qualities which made him agreeable in company: however, he employed his time in the best manner he could. As he did not love hunting or shooting, his mornings and evenings were devoted to walking, and the rest of the day to amusements at home.

He had pamphlets, pencils, chisels, furnaces, and musical, philosophical, and mathematical instruments. After a little light reading, he by turns began a box, a miniature, an engraving, a chemical process, sung a song, made a sun-dial, and played an air on the lute. But as all this ingenuity could not prevent his finding more time than he knew what to do with, and, besides, as there are moments when such resources, however multiplied, become insipid, he had enabled himself to have sleep at his command, to effect which

which he had employed extraordinary means.

In the first endearments of their marriage, and while it was still attended with some kind of confidence, the lady had initiated her husband in the mysteries of her art. Persons of quality are not easily made conjurors: the chevalier never went beyond the rudiments of magic, of which, however, he had obtained such a smattering as would, on occasion, have made him pass in any part of the world for a man very superior in legerdemain. The extraordinary means alluded to were his first essay and *chef d'œuvre*.

He enchanted the water of a reservoir, which served in the gardens both for ornament and use, and he gave them the soporific virtue. He frequently drank of this beverage, and thus escaped the languor of sloth and the unpleasantness of domestic chagrin.

From

From Zama's reservoir the water spread in different channels through the country. Deceived by its apparent clearness and coolness, the birds and beasts often came to drink of it: but having quenched their thirst, the linnet amidst her warbling suddenly felt the fibres of her melodious throat relax; the hind, the doe, the nimble kid could no longer bound through the forest, but slowly dragged their limbs to the nearest shade, and fell asleep.

Violetta and Grouvelle, at the frugal repast provided by the fruits of the grove, supposing the water of the stream which meandered through the green where they sat as innocent as it was clear, drank abundantly of it; it was, however, a branch of the enchanted reservoir. The effect it had on the musician has been seen. His heroine fell asleep too, but at some distance from him, as she was removing

moving indignant at the unmannerly salutations of his nose.

The master of the place was walking alone at day-break in the grove when he discovered at the foot of a tree, a person who appeared to be found asleep. From the turban on her head and its ornaments the Greek took the sleeper for a man, and a Saracen. The traveller's dress favoured this double mistake. Zama was struck with the countenance and youth of the stranger. What chance, said he to himself, can have brought this young man to this shore? He then woke Violetta, though not without exertion, and put a number of questions to her in the *lingua Franca* of the Levant.

The supposed Saracen stretched herself, rubbed her eyes, looked with astonishment at the person who spoke to her, and endeavoured to answer him. "Sir—

“ I am—I come—I was—I beg pardon  
 “ —I am so overcome——.”

These words were spoken in French, and the Greek, who had travelled, did not lose a syllable of them ; without, however, observing that she used the feminine gender in speaking of herself : but he was surprised that the language did not agree with the dress.

“ I see,” said he to her, “ that you  
 “ stand in need of rest : my house is close  
 “ by, and the way to it easy : follow me,  
 “ you shall have all the assistance in my  
 “ power to offer you.”

Violetta rose, and attempted to follow Zama : she made a step and fell, rose and fell again. Her turban dropped, her beautiful light hair broke from its confinement, and flowed in ringlets down her neck and bosom ; her lovely face, unclouded, shone with all its brightness.

Ha ! thought the Greek, advancing to  
 assist

assist his new guest, I am now sure this is no Turk. He raised the fair, supported her with his arm, and, without betraying his suspicions, led her to a secret door that opened from the house into the garden.

How delighted was Zama with the treasure of which fortune had made him master! how jealous of it! Fain would he have concealed it from every eye. Having locked Violetta up in a part of his palace, completely separated from the rest, and whither no one but himself ever went, he returned to his own apartments, where calling his confidential man to him; “Facedin,” cried he, “I am the most fortunate  
“ of men. But time is precious: prepare  
“ the table in the pavillion of the baths,  
“ let me have an exquisite repast, and  
“ deny me to every creature. Place people  
“ every where to keep off any person  
“ that may be coming from my wife,  
“ for,

“ for, as to herself from the late storm, I  
“ have reason to hope that she will give me  
“ some days of calm, and not come to  
“ molest me. As soon as you have  
“ given your orders, come back to me,  
“ and you shall know every particular.  
“ You shall see——You can have no  
“ idea.” Saying which, Zama hastened  
away to his wardrobe and looking-glass.  
He dressed himself with all the advantage  
his taste could suggest, scented his clothes  
with the most costly aromatics of the  
East, and, confident of conquest, sparkling  
all over with gold and jewels, perfuming  
the air with the odours he exhaled, he bent  
his steps to the cabinet of the baths, where  
he had left the object of his admira-  
tion.

Meanwhile Violetta, who had found  
herself first well received, then left shut up  
in a lonely room, was at a loss to con-  
jecture how she was to be treated.

“ Where



“ Where am I,” said she, “ and what  
“ is to be done with me ? The man who  
“ assisted me has a noble look and ob-  
“ liging manners ; but why run away in  
“ such a hurry after bringing me here ?  
“ How strange to lock me up ? What  
“ is he afraid of ? Alas ! what am I to  
“ be afraid of ? Am I reserved for ad-  
“ ventures more extraordinary, more  
“ disastrous still, than those I have al-  
“ ready met since I unhappily left  
“ Tours and France ? Oh ! fatal day !  
“ Oh Hippolita ! Oh Tourville !”

The opening of the cabinet door put an end to the lady's reflections. The Greek entered intoxicated with love and vanity. He sat down, he then knelt, now spoke, now pressed, was now silent and now agitated. His irregular language, his looks, his boldness, proclaimed his opinion of his own consequence, and the ease with which he expected to inspire the  
the



the passion he felt. Amazed at Violetta's coldness, he threw his arms around her; she had strength enough to disengage herself, and she repelled him haughtily: but he proceeding undauntedly to take greater liberties, she pushed him from her with a violence which, aided by the unexpected intervention of a footstool brought him to the ground. The fall jarred his whole frame, and discomposed his ornaments. He was obliged to suspend his ardour, and withdrew into the vestibule to recover his shock, and adjust his attire.

His man going according to his orders to the pavillion, met him at this moment. "Harkee, Facredin," said Zama, "I have met with a repulse I had little reason to expect. The little damsel is high spirited. It requires time to gain her, and I have none to spare: with the collation give us a flask of that wine I ordered you to put by for me."

Facredin

Facredin retired and Zama returned to the cabinet. He cast his eyes around in quest of the lovely stranger, but in vain ; she was not there.

Perhaps she was in the adjoining closet ; thither he flew, but found her not. In the closet was a window that looked upon a flower garden belonging to the pavillion : it was open and Violetta had jumped through it.

There would have been an end of Tourville's mistress had her despair not deceived her. She sprung out heedless of danger, but the window being on the ground floor, was only three feet from the turf on which she fell.

Not being stunned by her fall, and thinking she might escape by flight, she ran round the enclosure which was not very extensive, but found no passage. In the middle of the pasture there was a deep fountain of clear water, at the brink  
of

of which she sat down with her heart ready to burst.

Confused, enraged, and in despair, she cast her eyes to heaven, as if to reproach it with her deserted state, then turned them upon the earth as if to seek an asylum. Passing them over the crystal fluid, she saw herself in it as beautiful as ever. Her dishevelled locks and agitation added to her beauty.

The sight inspired a dreadful resolution. "Let me," said she, "disfigure those features that expose me to the worst of evils." Again she looked into the watery mirror to begin the ravage on the greatest beauties of her face.

The water became ruffled and cloudy. Perhaps some spirit of the element agitated the surface of it. Violetta's hands stopped of their own accord, and refused to perform the rigorous service allotted to them.

But

But now, fear, rage, despair, conspired to give her worse counsel still. She resolved to drown herself. As she was going to spring into the fountain, Zama running up caught her by the arm, and drew her back.

She rejected all assistance ; but Zama urged, submitted, intreated, protested, promised to be more respectful in his behaviour. He apologized for his mistake, which considering the singularity of the meeting and of the lady's dress, might, in some measure, be deemed pardonable ; and if he was not listened to with pleasure on some points, on two at least he gained attention ; Violetta consented to change her clothes and to take a little nourishment. Let those who blame her, reflect that fatigue and hunger are more powerful orators than resentment, or even than reason itself.

At the repast which was prepared, the conversation was such as may be supposed.

posed. The Chevalier devoted himself to the service of the lady, begging at the same time to know whom he had the happiness to serve.

The lady replied with caution. She did not exactly adhere to what was true : travelling is a bad school for learning to speak the truth. In speaking to each other they both adapted their words to their views ; but let us see what passed in their minds.

“ This Princess of mine,” thought Zama, “ gives herself great airs, but she will come about : she must be very cunning if she escapes me.”

“ This genius is out in his reckoning,” thought Violetta, “ he is an insolent fellow ; but I am in his power. He may be useful to me. I must command myself to manage him.”

A goblet filled with the nectar of Scio was handed and emptied. The goblet

travelled, now heavy, now light, from the sideboard to the table, and from the table to the sideboard, and did not travel in vain; not that it quenched thirst better than any other beverage. The modest Violetta, indeed, seemed but to require the more, the more she drank, and was less guarded than usual. Her countenance became more open, her language less studied, and her communications more unreserved. There was an engaging air in her manner of listening to the remarks of her companion. Her looks were more and more animated, and at length her eyes sparkled with that fire which gaiety and freedom kindle.

Zama perceiving the effect of the adulterated nectar of Scio, approached the giddy Violetta, and taking unrepulsed her hand, pressed it to his lips. At that instant the room rung with a scream so shrill and piercing, that it broke all the windows,

windows, and all the glass and china on the table and sideboard. The table was overturned, the floor opened, and a hideous monster rose in a cloud of smoke and dust. With eyes flaming with rage, and a claw extended, it darted upon Zama; and was no other than the Lady Martinot, his tender rib. What malice! what fury! what a torrent of abuse! There is no pencil black enough to paint so tragic a scene.

The Chevalier was petrified; the fair traveller, whose senses were already bewildered by the mixture and action of the vapours which had mounted to her brain, now lost them altogether.

The Lady of the mansion, leaving the marks of her rage on the face of her spouse, now turned to the innocent object of her jealousy; “ Insolent adventurer,” cried she, “ you shall be  
 “ an example to terrify such creatures as  
 D 2 “ your-



“ yourself; they shall shudder with  
“ dread and horror at the very sight of  
“ my house.”

Saying this, she fastened her hooked fingers in the flaxen ringlets of her rival, and striking the floor with her foot mounted with her into the air, blaspheming as she rose.

Soaring to the height of the atmosphere, she there hovered, looking for the best spot to complete her vengeance.

She spied a craggy rock, presenting its sharp and naked head to the scorching rays of the sun, and to the fury of tempests: over this she stopped, and letting her prey fall; “ Go,” cried she, “ go wretch, and be dashed to  
“ atoms!”

Violetta falling with encreasing velocity, was within a foot of the murderous rock, when the barbarous enchantress changed her mind: she darted upon her,  
and



and drew her back. “No, no,” cried she, “this would be too mild a death. Go, expire slowly amidst the waves of the ocean.”

Thrown into the sea, Violetta, after a short struggle, began to sink. Not satisfied, the inveterate fury returned to the charge, and once more raised her into the air.

From these instances it would be natural to suppose that she sailed through the liquid regions of the atmosphere in search of the crater of some volcano, through which to drop her victim into the depths of burning lava, to make her suffer cruel deaths, one after another.

No. At the gates of Antioch there is a public fountain, surrounded with sycamours: thither the enchantress transported her rival, and, letting her fall carelessly on the sand, disappeared.

Soon after, a troop of cavalry rode up

to the fountain : they were elegantly dressed, and had white sashes and plumes. On perceiving Violetta they went up and gave her every assistance. At length she opened her eyes and found herself in the arms of one of the handsomest cavaliers Europe and Asia had ever seen, her head and shoulders resting on his breast. His stature and mein were those of a hero ; his complexion was brown, blooming, and heightened by a natural vermilion ; his teeth were of a dazzling white ; he had an aquiline nose, and black hair and eyebrows ; strength and grace united in his person. The warrior's eyes were fixed upon her. Handsome eyes beaming compassion, could have nothing terrifying in them. But Violetta, nevertheless, astonished and alarmed, exclaimed ; “ Good heavens ! ” — “ What alarms you madam ? ” said the cavalier. “ Where am I ? and who are you ? ” cried she, endea-

endeavouring to change her position.  
“ Madam,” replied the youth, “ Since  
“ I have not the honour to be known by  
“ you, my reply must inform you that I  
“ am Everard, prince of Antioch. I  
“ was riding merely to take the air, and  
“ happened to see you as I and my suite  
“ approached this fountain. I dismount-  
“ ed to give you the assistance you seem-  
“ ed to need, and, thank heaven ! thus far  
“ not unsuccessfully. But may I, ma-  
“ dam, in my turn, ask to whom my  
“ good fortune has rendered me useful ?  
“ By what accident you were reduced  
“ to the sad state in which we found  
“ you ? How you could possibly think  
“ for a moment of drowning yourself in so  
“ small a basin ? which appears to be the  
“ case, by the wetness of your hair and  
“ clothes. Is it the effect of accident ? or  
“ have I to avenge you on some vil-  
“ lain ?”

Violetta was more and more embarrassed. What was she to say? Her adventures from the moment she had put her foot on the territory of the enchantress Martinot appeared to herself so unaccountable, so hurried, that she had but a confused idea of what had happened, and feared that in relating what seemed to her to be truth, she should only be telling a dream; besides, she thought it prudent not to make herself known. Fortunately her situation furnished her with a very good excuse. "Your highness," replied she, "is noble, consequently generous, allow me to be shown to the nearest town: my exhausted state will not permit me, at present, to answer you properly."

In her manner of expressing these few words Violetta lost nothing in the opinion which the prince had conceived of her, and he was but the more zealous to

to serve her. He ordered a convenient litter to be immediately brought, and during the time necessary for the execution of his orders, fearing that conversation would be too much for her, paid her attention in silence; while she, who had still better reasons for silence, assumed an air of insensibility.

## CHAP. XI.

These demoniacs let me dub  
With the name of legion club.

SWIFT.

She heard thy everlasting yawn confess  
The pains and penalties of idleness.

POPE.

THE promises made to the lover of Hippolita did not prove vain ones. Egremont found the fleet courser of which the virtuous hermit had assured him. The docile animal was obedient to the pressure, to the voice, and even to the wish of its rider, whom he conveyed with incredible swiftness, first along the banks of the Jordan, and then to the walls of Cesarea. There Egremont finding a vessel ready to set sail, embarked with his spirited steed. Favourable

able winds wafted him as quick as lightning through the seas of Syria, Egypt, Candia, and across the Mediterranean. He was presently before the walls of Tarascon. His faithful courser made the plain resound with his neighings, shook his majestic mane, and bit his bridle, white with foam. He started, scarcely putting his feet to the ground, which seemed to fly beneath them, and was proceeding at a rate beyond all human calculation, when an obstacle apparently insurmountable stopped him in the midst of his rapid career.

An impetuous river had broken from the bed which nature had marked out for it, and overturning the feeble dikes of art, had overflowed the country, carrying desolation and terror wherever it spread. It proved to be the Durance.

The bridges were carried away, and all the roads destroyed. Nothing was seen but



a country under water, with trees torn up by the roots, cottages and houses floating, and muddy streams concealing quicksands. The whole was frightful and dangerous.

Egremont was at the door of an inn, contemplating this wreck of nature. "Signor cavalier," said the landlord to him, "the wisest thing you can do is to take up your lodgings here till the waters abate; you shall be well accommodated, and you will be much better off than you would be by going to try to pass over the Devil's bridge, which stands ten miles to the left of this place."

The singular name of this bridge and the manner in which the landlord spoke of it, excited the curiosity of the knight. He questioned the man, who being naturally a great talker, gave him the following history.

"The



“ The bridge we talk of,” said he, “ is  
“ situated at the entrance of a narrow pas-  
“ sage defended by a castle, which ten  
“ years ago belonged to a lord of this  
“ neighbourhood, but since that time has  
“ been in the power of the devil and his  
“ imps, who took forcible possession of it,  
“ and neither divinity nor law has been  
“ able to oust them.

“ Many led by curiosity, many hard  
“ of belief, have gone to try the adven-  
“ ture. Scarcely any of them returned,  
“ and those were so sick of it, that there  
“ is no likelihood of their ever repeating  
“ their attempt.

“ But to conclude with some particu-  
“ lars by which you may judge of the  
“ rest; about four years ago, the son of  
“ the old lord, returning from the wars,  
“ was disgusted under his father’s roof,  
“ and begged to have the Devil’s house  
“ as a part of his portion, conceiving that  
“ it

“ it would be easier to civilize the inha-  
“ bitants that had taken possession of it,  
“ than a step-mother whom his father had  
“ given him, while he was away. Every  
“ body pitied him, but nobody would go  
“ with him. Being resolute and vigorous  
“ he pushed his point, and what was the  
“ consequence?

“ Three days passed without any news  
“ being heard of him, when some pea-  
“ sants found his body among the  
“ branches of the willows on the banks  
“ of the river, three miles below the  
“ castle. The stream, or the devil, carried  
“ him there. His neck was broke, his  
“ tongue and eyes hung out of his head,  
“ his hair and eyebrows were scorched,  
“ his whole body was bruised black and  
“ blue, and torn by claws that went an  
“ inch deep in his flesh, while the country  
“ for ten leagues round smelled of sul-  
“ phur. I went like others to see him,  
“ and

“ and to such a degree was I frightened,  
“ that to the very moment I am speaking  
“ to you not a drop of blood could be  
“ got from my body.”

“ You mean to say,” said Egremont  
to the landlord, giving him no time to  
begin a new story, “ that the bridge  
“ you are talking of has not met with the  
“ fate of the others : can I have a guide  
“ to show me the way to it ?”

“ You will be at no loss for that, feig-  
“ neur,” replied the host, “ our children  
“ could guide you there blindfold ; but  
“ I should be very sorry that a cavalier of  
“ your appearance went and lost himself  
“ for a frolic.”

Egremont declared he was determined  
to go on. “ Stay till to morrow morn-  
“ ing,” said the landlord, “ the day is  
“ far advanced, and night will overtake  
“ you. All about the place where you  
“ are going is dreary and desolate, you

“ will get no lodging but in the cursed  
“ castle.” Advice was superfluous, the knight’s resolution was not to be shaken, and a conductor being prepared, they set out together.

The guide no less credulous and more talkative than his father, the innkeeper, never ceased on the road entertaining the knight with the prodigies reported of the wonderful castle; but the latter, intent on his object, gave but little attention to stories which he thought fantastical and fabulous.

“ Knavery, folly and fear,” said he to himself, “ are the operators on this occasion. With what pleasure would I  
“ make all those wonders vanish if more  
“ important objects did not call me  
“ elsewhere! But the river I must cross,  
“ over some bridge or other, be it what  
“ it may.”

Meanwhile the sun was gaining the end  
of

of his course when the guide suddenly broke the thread of his narrative to point out to our hero two towers, scarcely discernible, on the slope of a hill as far as the eye could reach.

“Seigneur cavalier,” said the young man, “yonder is your inn for the night, “if you wish to pass a bad one, and that “is the road to it. As for me, I must “leave you, for I will have nothing to “do with the gentlemen who have the “command of that cursed place.” Saying which he clapped spurs to his horse, went off on a round trot, and soon disappeared.

Egremont continued on his way through the shades of night, which now began to spread over the hemisphere, and by the slender and twinkling light of the stars arrived at the gate of the formidable castle.

The draw-bridge being down left him  
a free

a free passage to enter. He found himself in a spacious court, where, listening attentively, he began to think, from the dead silence which reigned around him, that the place was entirely deserted. However, to secure himself from all surprise, he determined to advance no farther. His horse he unbridled and turned loose upon the turf within the court, while he, taking his stand beneath the arch of the gateway, his buckler on his arm, his sword drawn, his eye and ear on the watch, resolved to wait with patience till the day appeared.

He had passed almost half the night in this uneasy position without perceiving any thing extraordinary, when a vivid light made its way to the dark spot which he had chosen for his retreat.

He returned into the court : the front of the castle now seemed to him all on fire. He heard a rumbling noise like that which precedes an earthquake or  
the

the eruption of a volcano, and presently after shrieks, groans, and lamentations.

At the same moment the folding-doors of a building in the middle of the court grating on enormous rusty hinges opened. By the extraordinary light, which changed the night into a frightful kind of day, Egremont perceived a multitude of demons, spectres, and phantoms, that appeared darting here and there, and fastening on one another ; while the bellows of this monstrous crowd made the vaults of the fortress ring, and shook the ramparts and towers to their very foundations. Some of them soon came forward on the side to which our hero had advanced.

The first figure he distinguished appeared to be the shade of a woman in sorrow : a linen veil of a dazzling white, but stained with drops of blood, covered her from her shoulders to the ground ;  
her



her hair parted and fell in curls upon her bosom ; her eyes streaming with tears were turned up to heaven ; her voice was stifled by her sobs and she could scarcely give utterance to the bewailing excited by the sufferings she seemed to endure.

A phantom with a horrible countenance and of an enormous and gigantic stature followed her. The chains under the weight of which this hideous colossus seemed to sink, retarded his progress, which some infernal monsters quickened with whips, the lashes of which were pointed with steel, and by goading his flank with pitchforks, the points of which wherever they entered were followed by streams of blood. The monster jirked, fretted, and roared hideously. From his mouth issued volumes of flames, which threatened to consume all that came near them.

The lover of Hippolita anticipated the  
infernal

infernal troop which was coming up to him ; he made his formidable sword whiz through the air. The demons quitted the victim of their torments to fall upon the hero who had attacked them, and in an instant the pitchforks were turned against him. A score of torches, spreading a tawny light and a pestiferous odour, assailed the vizor of his helmet, uniting to deprive him at once of the power of seeing and breathing, while howlings and roarings pierced his ears in a horrible manner : but all this only gave him more courage. He avoided the blows made at him ; sprung forward, and laid about him. But in the hottest of the action the lights disappeared, and the vision vanished.

The astonished knight in vain fought his adversaries in the darkness which concealed them from him : he listened, and hearing every now and then a low  
hoarse

hoarse noise, looked towards the spot whence it issued, and moved that way. A flash of light from a fire which seemed just going out, guided him about a dozen paces to a mass from which a groaning proceeded, and whence the few sparks that appeared seemed to issue.

Egremont went up to the mass and slightly touched it with the point of his sword, on which it gave a roar as if from pain. The warrior desisted: but while he was endeavouring to discover the form and nature of the groaning thing which engaged his attention, it was taken off by another object.

This was a substance whose dazzling whiteness triumphed over the darkness that surrounded it. The knight put his hand upon it and thought he felt linen, warmth, and a fine soft skin. The thing seemed to sigh and moan.

This might be a stratagem of the enemy's,

my's, and even one of his best ; and the warrior suspecting it retired a few steps, stood leaning on his sword, on guard against his adversaries, on guard against himself, and never losing sight of the two objects which had successively arrested his attention.

The night was long ; for time creeps, trots, or gallops, according to circumstances. At length, preceded by the morning star, the dawn appeared upon the horizon, and Egremont began to ascertain the nature of the groaning mass, and of the white substance which, during the night had excited his suspicion. “ This,” said he, “ appears to be a man, and if I am not mistaken, that’s a woman.”

He advanced to the masculine figure, and touched it cautiously ; on which it gave two or three roars. He examined it as it lay stretched upon the turf, and thought he recollected it. It was the phantom loaded  
with

with chains which had preceded the troop in the nocturnal vision.

Egremont took him by the shoulders, made him sit up, supported him, and looking full at him, beheld the enormous, hideous, frightful face, which, upon touching, he discovered to be a brazen mask. With two strokes of his sword he severed the straps that fixed the bugbear, and the first rays of the sun darting upon the unmasked visage, the features of it struck the knight, who recognized the head of Dagobert.

But was it indeed the head itself? Might not this new vision be a consequence of the illusions of the night? The lover of Hippolita knew not what to think, and he was still more embarrassed by the other objects which caught his eye. At a few paces from him, the ground was bloody and covered with bodies that appeared to be lifeless. The substance of

dazzling white, which he had taken for a woman, began to move, rose, and walked directly towards him.

Our hero strove to ascertain whether his senses deceived him or not : “ Is it you, seigneur Dagobert ? ” said he to the unmasked head.

The head stared at him, and replied, “ I am damned.”

Egremont shuddered at this laconic and terrible answer. “ Who are you, Madam ? ” said he to the lady in white ; “ and where am I ? ”

“ In hell, seigneur ; ” replied the woman.

“ No trifling, madam : once more, who are you ? ”

“ Let us fly, seigneur, you shall know all. A thousand dangers surround us. Your arm has not delivered the earth of all the villains within this abode of horror. We have no time to  
VOL. II. E “ lose.”

“ lose.” As she said this, the lady took him by the hand, and endeavoured to draw him away. “ Not so fast, madam,” said Egremont, “ I believe indeed this spot not to be without danger ; but fear nothing : I shall make my retreat in good order, and you may go with me if you please.”

The knight knew Dagobert by his voice, and by a countenance too marked to be mistaken. He conjectured justly, that the unfortunate Touraneze was made a tool by robbers. But what was to be done ? To leave him, Egremont thought, would be both dastardly and cruel. On the other hand, if he endeavoured to deliver him, he saw that the son of Sybilla was absolutely incapable of assisting himself. Nevertheless with a little trouble the difficulty was overcome. Dagobert almost insensible, was placed upon the horse ; the lady, mounted behind



hind him, carried Egremont's lance, while the knight himself walked on foot out of the castle, leading his courser by the bridle.

The adventure of the Devil's bridge appeared at first very marvellous, and perhaps the result of it may still be thought so by some. What ! a man to find his greatest enemy in distress, and expose his own life to deliver him ! Is not this more marvellous than the appearance of a ghost ?

But by what chance did the son of Sybilla fall into a situation, to owe such signal services to his rival ? For interfering between Gahogan and Aleria.

Gahogan was in possession of some lands on the banks of the Durance. He had talents for coining, which he thought proper to exert on finding himself a ruined man. He had converted an old castle that belonged to him into his

theatre of lucrative operations, and to avoid the danger of eyes and ears, he had spread a report among the people that it was haunted by devils.

To maintain such a report, and compel the curious and incredulous to retreat, it was necessary to have a frightful apparatus. If any one came to pass the night at the castle, preparations were immediately made for the representation of a scene similar to that Egremont had witnessed.

It was difficult to find an actor to fill the chief part, to drag irons of enormous weight, and to bear all that was to be suffered in the character. Woe to the stranger of athletic make, thrown by chance into the hands of Gahogan ! this difficult part was immediately assigned him ; and four representations of it generally put an end to the performer.

Gahogan had had in his power a  
young

young man of a stature beyond the common size. His wife Aleria could not see this victim perish under the fatigues of so dreadful a profession without feeling compassion for him : she found means to inform the stranger of the sentiments he had inspired her with, and having prepared a rope-ladder, one fine morning the lady and the spectre eloped together.

One poor hack, bending beneath a double load, was proceeding with them at a very slow rate, when Gahogan set out after them.

The stranger on finding himself closely pursued, dexterously relieved the beast of half of its burden, clapped spurs to its sides, and rode so far that he was never heard of after.

Aleria, a little bruised, for she had dismounted rather awkwardly, fell again into the power of her husband, who

having carried her home tied her to a tree, and was proceeding in his prelude of the vengeance he meant to take, when suddenly up came Dagobert, who bullied the husband and affronted the wife, whom he rescued, not with a design of doing good, but in a spirit of contradiction; and the lady, by an impulse of gratitude worthy the motive that actuated her benefactor, delivered him into the power of their common enemy.

The act was politic though wicked, for Aleria in respect to Gahogan repaired half the crime she had committed, by replacing more equally the performer whose flight she had favoured.

Dagobert was stunned, dragged into the manor, chained, and then carried to the castle, where he was shut up in a dungeon and temperately fed.

When he was wanted for a nocturnal promenade, two diabolical figures went  
for

for him by the light of a torch. He was muffled up in a mask a foot and a half in length, with a wig of bristles. The mouth of the mask, constructed so as to encrease the loudness of the voice, contained a dry matter rubbed with bitumen and set on fire.

When Dagobert cried out, the effect was a roar : when he attempted to draw breath, the smoke of the lighted bitumen almost choaked him, and in his efforts to reject it, he vomited whirlwinds of flame; endeavouring to push on, he was kept back by the weight of his chains ; stopping, whips knotted with steel lashed him forward, and forced him to proceed to the place whither he was to be carried. Any man with a grain of sense would have perished at once under such united tortures ; the Touraneze only became the greater fool, and to such a degree, that in spite of his eating and drinking, he persuaded himself that he was dead and damned.

As for Aleria, the vengeance exercised upon her by Gahogan after the interference of Dagobert, was this : he confined her among the unhappy shades who were to inhabit the castle, and appointed her to act the interesting character in the visions. She appeared dishevelled, clad in a plain linen veil, and exposed, from time to time, to the whip of some demon who delighted in scourging her.

In the phantoms and spectres so calculated to terrify, the reader will now readily recognize the chief performers of them : the under parts were filled up by Gahogan and his people.

Till Egremont faced this company with heroic firmness, they needed nothing more to conquer than the terror inspired by their apparatus ; but they were now exposed to an attack as vigorous as unexpected. Dagobert let himself fall to the ground, Aleria stood on one side, and Gahogan, dangerously wounded, perceiving

ceiving that his people could not maintain the combat, ordered them to throw all their torches at once into the moats of the castle, and retired, leaving the dead and wounded on the field of battle.

Egremont, intent on the important object which had brought him back to Europe, did not think proper to pursue his advantages over a band of villains whom at any other time he would have thought it incumbent upon him not to spare. He passed the redoubtable bridge, made a forced march, and arrived at a town of considerable extent. His first care was to place Dagobert in the hands of a surgeon, whom he engaged to take care of the son of Sybilla, by the gift of a valuable ring which he happened to have with him, and by the most pressing solicitations.

This care off his mind, he ordered clothes proper for Aleria, and presenting



them to the lady, took leave of her with a short, cold, civil compliment.

The reader will not be surprised to hear that the wife of Gahogan was far from expecting to find herself so speedily rescued. The bravery and elegant form of her deliverer enchanted her : her heart was grateful, and she felt a desire to make a return for the services she had received. No woman with youth and charms has any idea that the testimonies of a legitimate gratitude can be slighted.

Aleria had less right perhaps than others to expect such a shock, considering the preparatory steps she had taken. Interesting tones, affected manners, eulogies, all has been played off : she had even related the prettiest little tale, a masterpiece of wit and imagination, complete in every thing, except that it ought not to have been addressed to the lover of Hippolita. Absorbed by designs  
of

of much greater consequence to him, Egremont only appeared to listen from good breeding to the recitals of the lady, but paid no attention whatever to the personages of her tale. He flew to Tours.

While Egremont returned to defend his country, his friend Tourville, uninformed of what was passing there, was repairing across the sea to Palestine. He landed a few miles from Tortosa, at a place inhabited only by fishermen. Here he could find no fit mansion to recruit him from his fatigues ; but perceiving on the brow of a hill a considerable castle in appearance, and being told that it was, with the land about it, in the possession of a Christian knight, he proceeded towards it, and soon arrived at the draw-bridge, which was not down. However, a dwarf appeared at the top of a tower, and thus addressed him :

“ Seigneur Cavalier, no one enters

E 6

“ here

“ here, till he has taken an oath to suffer  
“ himself to be waited upon by the  
“ ladies——” “ What a fancy !”  
cried Tourville. “ Seigneur,” replied  
the dwarf, “ the ladies who inhabit this  
“ castle have devoted themselves to the  
“ service of the knights of France, who  
“ come with the design of recovering  
“ Palestine, and as an excess of politeness  
“ may interfere with the observance of their  
“ vows, they wish to be previously assu-  
“ red of the compliance of their guests.”

“ These are very minute prelimina-  
“ ries,” said Tourville, “ but the mo-  
“ tive for adopting them is praise-  
“ worthy. What think you, Joe ? may  
“ we submit to the law to be imposed  
“ upon us ?”

“ That, Sir,” replied Joe, “ is your  
“ look-out ; you know whether or not  
“ you have been the better for being  
“ waited upon by women.”

“ The women we have to do with

“ now,” said the knight, “ are not harpies :” and he immediately engaged to do whatever the ladies required of him. Upon taking the oath, the gates were opened, and the knight and squire introduced into the castle.

Scarcely was Tourville in the court, when two young women of a modest deportment went up to him. One held his bridle the other his stirrup. He alighted, and was shewn into a commodious apartment.

Here he found several women, who received him with a serious demeanour, but with marks of the greatest politeness. A seat was put out, and he was desired to sit down. In a moment his helmet, cuirass, and brassets were unlaced. The most distinguished of the ladies knelt, removed his cuisses, drew off his boots, stripped his legs bare, and having examined them carefully turned gravely to an attendant; “ Palfrenia,” said she,  
 “ go

“ go tell my lord, that neither of these  
 “ legs are either bandy or well made;  
 “ that they are a pair of common legs,  
 “ shrunk, finewy, and not mismatched.”

“ Pray, Madam,” said the astonished  
 Tourville, “ may I ask what you, and  
 “ this lord, to whom you have sent  
 “ your message, can have to do with  
 “ the shape of my legs ?”

“ Seigneur,” replied the lady, rising,  
 “ the courteous manner in which you  
 “ have yielded to our customs gives you  
 “ a right to have your curiosity satis-  
 “ fied.”

The knight bowed, and the lady pro-  
 ceeded thus :

“ Don Gueridonio of Paphlagonia,  
 “ my brother, is the lord of this castle  
 “ and the domains around it, having  
 “ taken it from the Saracens by force of  
 “ arms.

“ About four years ago, we were both  
 “ of us drawn by enchantment into the  
 “ palace

“ palace of Bagalora, a dangerous en-  
“ chantress attached to the Mahometans.  
“ Vexed to see the progress of the  
“ Christian arms in Asia, she tried to put  
“ a stop to it by laying snares for the  
“ knights defenders of the faith. She  
“ built a superb palace not far from  
“ this place. We unhappily went into  
“ one of the avenues of it, on which,  
“ attracted by a charm when we  
“ thought ourselves allured by the beauty  
“ of the place, we proceeded to a  
“ peristyle at the entrance of the pa-  
“ lace; but scarcely were we in it,  
“ when the marble pavement on which  
“ we trod, apparently solid, gave way  
“ and fell in under us. By a sudden  
“ jerk, we were precipitated under a  
“ wheel on which were fixed sharp  
“ blades of steel, and by the motion of  
“ it all the parts of our bodies were, in  
“ the twinkling of an eye, separated one  
“ from another; and what was most



“ surprising, death was not the consequence of this strange dissolution.

“ Carried by their own weight, the parts of our bodies fell into a deep moat, and there lay confounded with a multitude of limbs heaped upon one another. Our heads rolled along like balls.

“ This extraordinary motion having completely deprived me of the little recollection which so supernatural an adventure had left me, I did not open my eyes for some time, and when I did, I saw that my head was placed with eight hundred heads of both sexes, and of all ages and complexions, on steps facing one another. They retained the action of the eyes and tongue, and particularly, a motion of the jaws, which set them almost constantly yawning. I heard nothing but these words con-

“ fusedly



“ fufedly articulated : ‘ How tirefome !

‘ Oh, this is dreadful !’

“ I could not refift the infection of the  
 “ general convulfion, and I fet out  
 “ yawning like the reft.

‘ Another yawner come,’ faid a large  
 female head fituated oppofite to mine :  
 ‘ there is no bearing this, it will certain-  
 ‘ ly kill me ; yawh !’ and off fhe went  
 “ yawning more than ever.

‘ At leaft there is fomething fresh in  
 ‘ this mouth,’ faid another head, ‘ and  
 ‘ fee what an enamel on its teeth !’ Then  
 “ addreffing me, it continued ; ‘ Madam,  
 ‘ may I beg to know the name of the love-  
 ‘ ly companion in misfortune whom the  
 ‘ enchantrefs Bagalora has given us ?’

“ I now looked at the head that fpoke  
 “ to me. It was that of a man : it had  
 “ no ftriking features, but an air of vi-  
 “ vacity and affurance, and was fome-  
 “ thing affected in its pronounciation.

“ I made

“ I made an attempt to reply : ‘ feig-  
 ‘ neur,’ said I, ‘ I have a brother——’  
 ‘ I had not time to say more, when the  
 ‘ female head which first noticed me ex-  
 ‘ claimed : Oh heavens ! another prater  
 ‘ and a history, as if we were not already  
 ‘ sufficiently overwhelmed with stories.  
 ‘ Yawn, Madam, pray yawn, and let  
 ‘ your brother alone : who has not  
 ‘ brothers ? But for those I have, I  
 ‘ should now be reigning peaceably and  
 ‘ not fixed where I am.’

‘ And would to heaven ! Madam,’  
 “ said the head which had taken me  
 “ under its protection, ‘ that you had  
 ‘ been on the throne of your ancestors  
 ‘ forty years ago ! you would not now  
 ‘ be making us yawn every moment,  
 ‘ enough to split our ears. The head  
 ‘ just arrived excites great interest, suffer  
 ‘ us to take part in her fate.’

‘ What do you mean by forty years,  
 ‘ feig-

‘ seigneur ?’—‘ I mean what I say,  
 ‘ Madam,’ replied the head which had  
 “ declared itself for me : ‘ when you had  
 ‘ hands you were what age you pleased  
 ‘ to be ; but certainly, had not fortune  
 ‘ willed it otherwise, you would have  
 ‘ been in the fortieth year of your  
 ‘ reign.’

‘ Seigneur Bellepede,’ “ said the  
 “ insulted head,” ‘ you soon show  
 ‘ yourself what you are ; the worst  
 ‘ head—’

‘ Poh ! Madam,’ cried the worst head,  
 “ interrupting the speech of the big  
 ‘ head, it is now ten years, three days,  
 ‘ two hours, and some minutes that you  
 ‘ have been tiring us with your pre-  
 ‘ tensions your great airs, and there  
 ‘ no sooner appears among us a head  
 ‘ that—’

“ Oh seigneur,” said I, “ let not me  
 “ I pray be the cause ——” ‘ No, no  
 ‘ Madam,’

‘ Madam,’ it replied: ‘ I own that at  
‘ fight of you I could not but—”

“ It was going on, no doubt, to declare  
“ the sentiments with which it pretended I  
“ had inspired it, but was interrupted by  
“ a head near it.

‘ What a pitiful thing is the head of a  
‘ fop! Seigneur Bellepede, cannot a  
‘ female head possessing the slightest  
‘ charm, have the misfortune of being  
‘ sent to this melancholy abode, but you  
‘ must repeat your budget of stale com-  
‘ pliments before us all?”—“ Then ad-  
“ dressing me, it continued: ‘ do not  
‘ listen to it, Madam, it belonged to the  
‘ greatest coxcomb at the court of Per-  
‘ sia: besides, you may perceive that  
‘ what it says can go no farther than the  
‘ nape of the neck!’

‘ Hah!’ cried Bellepede, ‘ if ever I  
‘ recover my limbs!’—‘ Oh!’ replied  
‘ his new adversary, ‘ that I had only my  
‘ hands!’

“ But,

“ But, seigneur,” said I, “ these disputes are too unworthy of you—”  
 ‘ No, Madam, no,’ replied Bellepede;  
 ‘ let us alone: is it not better to quarrel  
 ‘ than to yawn? What can people do  
 ‘ who have only ears and eyes; who  
 ‘ have been living together face to face  
 ‘ for a century, with the prospect of  
 ‘ doubling it, without being out of one  
 ‘ another’s sight for a moment; who  
 ‘ have no connection, and can form no  
 ‘ agreeable ones; who are even deprived  
 ‘ of the resource of slander, for want of  
 ‘ knowing whom to speak of to gain  
 ‘ attention; who—’

“ Bellepede would have said more,  
 “ but the head which I first mentioned  
 “ began to yawn at such a rate that it  
 “ brought on a universal yawning, to  
 “ which I was under the necessity of  
 “ yielding, and I yawned away with the  
 “ rest. In short, seigneur, not to fatigue  
 “ you

“ you with minuteness, I soon conform-  
“ ed to the manners of the company  
“ with whom I found myself associated. I  
“ became vapoured, was out of humour,  
“ contradicted, quarrelled, and received  
“ my share of abuse. You can form  
“ no idea of the vapours with which we  
“ were devoured. Enraged at being  
“ constantly before so many faces that  
“ displeased us, we were for ever swearing  
“ to fly from one another as fast as our  
“ legs could carry us, that was, when  
“ we got them again, and at a moment  
“ when we least expected it, they were  
“ restored to us.

“ We were suddenly seized with a  
“ violent inclination to sneeze all to-  
“ gether. After which a hoarse voice,  
“ which proceeded we knew not whence,  
“ ordered us to go and take our limbs,  
“ and at the same time our heads began  
“ rolling to the place where they lay  
“ heaped up.

“ But

“ But the eagerness to get away from  
“ one another as quickly as possible, the  
“ precipitation arising from an indistinct  
“ kind of fear, the confusion and disorder inseparable from a search of this  
“ kind, and perhaps the desire of appropriating what belonged to another, occasioned singular changes. Effeminate  
“ faces fixed themselves upon the bodies  
“ of young men, active heads on slothful trunks, metaphysical brains on  
“ female shoulders, cocked-up noses on  
“ masses bending under the weight of  
“ age or infirmities; hands extremely  
“ enterprising fastened on enervated  
“ arms; a lawyer went away with the  
“ fingers of a player on the lute, and  
“ a great lord with those of a sharper.

“ A miser, thinking of the main  
“ chance, and less of his shape than of  
“ his doublet and breeches, the waistband of which was stuffed with doubloons, thoughtlessly stuck his neck  
“ to



“ to the stomach of a rich canon, of the  
“ most extravagant propensities and  
“ canine hunger.

“ A prude joined a heart, which she  
“ pretended to be insensible, to a mouth  
“ partly coquetish, partly disdainful, and  
“ to eyes the petulance of which the  
“ thickest lace and the best folded could  
“ not have concealed.

“ I pitied a young woman, who was  
“ under the necessity of making her  
“ retreat with a superannuated bosom,  
“ which she patched up as well as she  
“ could.

“ As for myself, I easily enough put  
“ together what belonged to me ; how-  
“ ever, it was well for me that I was as  
“ diligent as I was, for my enemy, the  
“ large head, was going to put her  
“ hand upon one of my best appurte-  
“ nances.

“ Bellepede’s adventure was curious. He  
“ was very fond of himself : but, alas ! he  
“ was

“ was so scrupulous in examining his  
“ members! ‘ This is not my chest,’  
“ said he, ‘ it is too narrow and hollow :  
‘ I never had round shoulders—what a  
‘ vulgar figure!’ and so on. He would  
“ acknowledge nothing that belonged  
“ to him. Some other head less diffi-  
“ cult, having accommodated itself with  
“ all that Bellepede disdained, and the  
“ store being exhausted, this head, so  
“ full of itself, was compelled, to avoid  
“ existing upon nothing, to seat itself  
“ upon the shoulders of a hunchback.

“ I remained on the spot waiting for  
“ my brother, Don Gueridonio of  
“ Paphlagonia. He came up to me with  
“ a melancholy look, and appeared  
“ to be lame. ‘ Sister,’ said he, ‘ some-  
‘ body has taken one of my legs, and  
‘ only see what they have left me.’  
“ Now you must know, seigneur, that  
“ my brother, had the best made legs

“ that ever were seen, and picqued him-  
“ self upon them. The one left for him  
“ in place of his own was decidedly  
“ bandy, and too short by some lines.  
“ It stung him to the heart.

“ He has in vain travelled over every  
“ part of the country in search of the  
“ robber: he examined every passenger,  
“ and was drawn into many duels.  
“ Sometimes he was conqueror, but  
“ without success in the object of his  
“ pursuit; at other times he was van-  
“ quished, and has lost an eye, and an  
“ arm, in his anxiety not to remain  
“ bandy legged.

“ Disgusted with violent means, he  
“ has had recourse to the innocent  
“ stratagem of the law imposed upon  
“ all who enter this castle. If he has  
“ the good fortune to find his leg again,  
“ a friend of his, a magician, has pro-  
“ mised to put things to rights without  
“ pain

“ pain or injury to either party : but if the  
 “ leg we are looking for, is not to be found  
 “ in the army of the Franks, we shall  
 “ have very little hope left. You are  
 “ going there, seigneur ; what a num-  
 “ ber of heads will you find not made  
 “ for the shoulders on which they are  
 “ placed ! These there is no mistaking :  
 “ would to heaven that the defect so im-  
 “ portant to us to discover, were but as  
 “ striking, and that you might be able  
 “ to send us tidings of it ! You would  
 “ be entitled to our eternal gratitude.”

Having concluded her narrative, the  
 lady invited the knight to go to the  
 apartment of Don Gueridonio, who being  
 apprized of the visit came forward to meet  
 them.

He was dressed in the Grecian style, his  
 robe tucked up and fastened with a gold  
 clasp on the side of the leg he chose to  
 show. He was about forty years old,  
 F 2 tall,

tall, and of a cast of countenance rather sad than serious; he had a glass-eye, his sleeve was in a sling, and he limped a little.

The company sat down to supper, which no doubt was a good one. Europe, Asia, the affairs of Palestine, king Philip, the Greek Emperors, and all the subjects of the day were canvassed, till bed-time, when the party separated, and Tourville retired to rest, attended by his squire.

As soon as they were alone, Joe found his tongue: "what a narrow escape you have had, sir!" said he. "We have got into a castle of cutthroats: a little more calf to your leg, and you would have gone limping to the camp."

"We should have seen that," said Tourville: "but did not they propose to strip you?"

"No, sir," replied Joe: "I heard the waiting-women laugh together,  
" and

“ and say something about plebeian legs :  
 “ to be sure, they wanted only legs of  
 “ quality.”

Here the conversation ended and Tourville went to bed, resolving to leave the castle as soon as it was day.

He kept his resolution ; he was on horseback at the appearance of the dawn upon the horizon, and choosing the shortest way towards Damascus, rode along the sandy beaches lying between the sea and the city of Antauros.

It was in the height of the dog days. The earth, heated by the rays of the sun, which shot almost perpendicularly down, exhaled flaming vapours, and not the slightest breeze was stirring to moderate the excessive heat.

A thick cloud hanging for sometime before the face of the orb of day, Tourville in order to breathe with ease, and wipe away the perspiration that incom-

moded him, gave his helmet to his squire, and rode bareheaded.

His charger left to himself walked on slowly, while the knight, absorbed in his reveries, meditated on his misfortunes in love and poetry, and on the sad result of the loves of Egremont and Hippolita.

The cloud suddenly broke and the sun unveiled darted his fiery rays on the undefended head of Tourville. An increased circulation of his blood instantly took place, the perspiration disappeared, headach, giddiness, and languor succeeded, injuring the action of the whole frame: in short, an ardent fever came on and threatened the organs of life with a general conflagration.

The knight snatched his helmet from the hands of his squire, and feeling that he could no longer endure the fatigue of proceeding, rode painfully towards some palmtrees which he perceived at a little distance,



tance, and throwing himself beneath their shade, sought in repose, relief from the malady by which he was attacked.

The faithful Joe sat beside him with consternation painted on his countenance, endeavouring to comfort him. He supported his head, and while his master yielded to a disturbed and laborious sleep guarded him from the action of the air, and fanned away the insects that would have tormented him.

In less than a quarter of an hour after Tourville had shut his eyes he woke suddenly, and stared wildly round him. "Joe," cried he, "my horse, bring me my horse. There are the harpies, the witches, all the peasants of Limoufin. They are a thousand against one, and the devil is——."

"No, no, no! you dream, my dear master," said Joe, turning his eyes as

on pivots around him, “ there is nobody  
“ here.”

“ Go, go, I laugh at them,” continued  
Tourville ; “ see how I fly : I defy them  
“ to catch me—but take care, take care,  
“ I think one of my wings is getting  
“ loose.”

“ Don’t be afraid, sir, they are fast  
“ enough ; why these are your arms.”

“ Now we are in a beautiful country :  
“ had it not been for me you would not  
“ have seen so many surprising things.”

“ Lord, sir ! where are these fine  
“ things ?”

“ What ! don’t you see that lake ? It  
“ is as large as a sea—”

“ Me ! sir : I don’t see water enough  
“ to drown a flea.”

“ True, it looks like water, but it is  
“ not : it is only a collection of vapours.  
“ Do you know the name of this lake ?  
“ It is the lake of imagination. There  
“ will

“ will be a great deal of work to-day,  
 “ the waves run high : she breaks—”

“ What kind of work, pray, sir ?” said  
 Joe.

“ You don’t see those bodies that are  
 “ floating ? There’s a castle, there’s a  
 “ mosque, there’s a forest, there’s a  
 “ meadow : look at the nymphs, look at  
 “ the shepherds ! Here is something  
 “ very extraordinary—look, see how  
 “ they grapple and jostle. Charming !  
 “ they mix—This is pleasant enough.  
 “ There’s a world crowding itself into the  
 “ moon. There’s a centaur running  
 “ off with a stork’s head and a lobster’s  
 “ claw.”

“ Oh my poor master ! what a strange  
 “ vision is this !”

“ I should like,” continued Tour-  
 ville, “ to crowd all this into my  
 “ head—”

“ All this into your head! good  
“ heavens!”

“ I don’t wonder I am in pain: those  
“ cursed women have taken my legs:  
“ I am bandy, Joe; it goes to my  
“ heart—”

“ Dear, no, fir, pray be easy; they  
“ have taken nothing from you—You  
“ are not more bandy than I am—only  
“ a little bowed—”

“ Every thing oppresses me at once:  
“ Violetta has taken the veil—”

“ How do you know, fir?”

“ I have just seen her at the gate; and  
“ Egremont is turned capuchin—”

“ Let that pass, fir; if they are truly  
“ called, they are happy—”

“ This subject is too affecting, Joe; I  
“ will not let it be taken from me; give  
“ me my tablets—No, I will dictate, do  
“ you write, and catch the air:

“ The

“ The Count of Tours a daughter had

“ By tenderneſs beguil’d ;

“ The Count of Tours thereon grew mad,

“ And rage within him boil’d.

“ Boil’d ! boil’d ! What a vile rhyme,

“ Joe, what a deteſtable rhyme !——”

“ Oh pray, ſir, let rhiming alone——”

“ Who I ! I let rhiming alone ! You

“ don’t know me yet. Proſe, verſe, I

“ am reſolved to do all : I am reſolved

“ to clothe ſentiment in antitheſes, reaſon

“ in ſyllogiſm, nature in habit, problems

“ in certainty, and truth in paradox——

“ Mercy ! what ſtuff !——”

“ Silence, wretch ! You have made

“ me loſe my tranſition.”

“ Your tranſition ?”

“ No, I have it——”

“ Lord, ſir, you will tear it—you

“ have got hold of the collar of my

“ doublet. The devil take imagination,

“ verſe and proſe ! pray have done with

“ all these fancies, they will be the  
“ death of you.”

Poor Joe's eyes were full of tears.  
“ This,” said he, “ is an ardent fever with  
“ a vengeance. Come, he is a little  
“ quieter. As soon as the sun is cooler  
“ we will go to the first hut in the way  
“ —he must dilute with lukewarm bever-  
“ age, and often. We shall be lucky if  
“ we escape this fever, for the fear it  
“ creates ; but as for that of making  
“ verses,—Oh ! that is incurable.”

## CHAP. XII.

I saw him with his beaver on  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury ;  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

SHAKSPEAR.

**T**HE moment Sybilla was informed, that Duke Richard, exasperated by obtaining no satisfaction for the excesses Dagobert had committed, meant to resort to arms for vengeance, and was preparing to invade Tourain, she dispatched a courier with the news to her consort.

She artfully represented to Sigismond, the enterprize of the Duke of Britany, as a project arising from ambition, which it  
 was



was necessary to repel by force. The Count of Tours, unable to restrain the anger excited by this intelligence, would have fallen with his troops on the quarters of the Prince of the Bretons, and revenged on him the wrongs imputed to Duke Richard.

The Monarch of the French, the Peers of the kingdom, and the Princes of the different nations that composed the Christian army, all opposed these first impulses of a blind rage; but could not condemn the motive which impelled Sigismund to hasten his return to Europe, whatever disadvantage might result from it to the common cause.

Having ordered his ships to be made ready, he marched at the head of his troops, arrived at Joppa, embarked, and set sail. While favourable winds wafted him to the shores of France, the Bretons, who had been long masters of the country  
around.

around the city of Tours, carried on the feige with encreasing vigour, and were already in the moats. On all sides nothing was seen but trenches, parallels, battering machines, and loads of fascines; nothing heard but the reverberations of catapultaes mixing with the noises proceeding from the pick-axe and spade, from the hatchet and hammer.

A mole of a new construction was raised on the sides of the ditches of the town opposite to the walls, with which it was parallel. This building was of a structure so extraordinary, that to describe it would require it to have been studied.

The besiegers, masters of the covered-way, determined to enter the town without passing through the ditch. A bridge fixed on the top of the mole to be let down at the moment for giving the assault

fault was intended to remove the difficulties of this enterprize.

A large and commodious stair-case raised within the machine was to lead them up to the platform on the top of it, and their column in close order was to march to the attack twenty abreast.

The besieged exerted all their efforts to hurt the work and the workmen, and on both sides every art of attack and defence was put in execution ; but in spite of the exertions of the Touranese, the Bretons completed their work.

The signal was given : the fatal bridge was to be let down, the noise of the ropes and pullies, and, the creaking of the enormous hinges which supported and connected the monstrous work were heard. The capital of Touraine, a city so flourishing was now devoted by the besiegers to be a spectacle of horror,  
heaps

heaps of ashes drenched in streams of blood. Unhappy citizens! unfortunate parents! tender, innocent maids! all devoted to destruction!

During the preparations for this dreadful moment, the Count of Tours had landed with his forces on the coast of Britany, and in order to make a diversion favourable to his interests and vengeance, directed the Count of Blois, to whom he had given the command of his troops, to besiege the city of Vannes, while he flew himself with a chosen band to the assistance of his dominions.

The Count of Blois began his dispositions for the siege he was to undertake, and Sigismond, whose rapid march met no obstruction, soon arrived in sight of the walls of Tours, but a regular blockade cut him off from all communication, and only suffered him to observe from  
the

the summit of a hill, where he had halted, the terrible danger of his capital.

He saw the enormous machine erected on the side of the moat, and which was joined to the wall by means of the bridge just lowered : he saw the Bretons advance on the bridge in a close but formidable column, to make a furious assault.

The Touranese who guarded the walls removed before the shock, manifested terror, and were flying to the citadel.

Sybilla terrified, and not doubting that she should be forced in her last entrenchment, at length ordered the flag of capitulation to be hoisted.

What a distracting fight for the unfortunate sovereign ! what could he do to prevent the completion of his ruin ? He attempted to persuade the handful of troops he commanded to follow him, and  
take

take a desperate resolution ; but consternation and dread were painted on the countenances of the few subjects he had around him. He raised his hands to heaven, which seemed deaf to his prayers and tears.

At that moment a warrior, armed cap-a-pee, appeared upon the plain. His courser bore him in the twinkling of an eye to the trenches, which could not stop him : he cleared them by vigorous leaps : no device distinguished him, or showed for which of the two parties he bore arms. He arrived on the covered-way without creating distrust, without finding any body inclined to stop his rapid course, and was presently at the foot of the mole, erected by Duke Richard.

The first Bretons whom he came up to made way for him, a mistake favouring his passage : it was thought that, dispatched by superior orders, he brought  
impor-

important intelligence to the conductors of the siege. He pushed into the stair-case, and though apparently impracticable to a horseman, rode up the steps.

In this extraordinary route, the shock of the courser's breast-plate, aided by astonishment and terror, opened a passage through the Bretons, many of whom lay overturned in the way, and the warrior was on the platform before the slightest suspicion was entertained of his design.

The troops that now marched in order of battle on the bridge, hearing the cries of pain and surprise, that issued from the interior of the tower, turned, and seeing the threatening phenomenon thought themselves devoted by heaven. Consternation and disorder prevailed among them, which the hero observed, and seizing the fortunate moment, threw his bridle upon his charger's neck, broke his lance, and



and holding the pieces as truncheons in either hand, pushed forward on the trembling passage, falling on the enemy with the impetuosity of a storm.

So terrified were the Bretons, that they did not even think of defending themselves: they fell over one another, the warrior's charger threw down all in his way, and the two truncheons precipitated into the ditches of the city those who were pressed together on the edges of the bridge which had no railing. In a moment the flower of the Breton nobility fell, as if mown down with a scythe; and the cavalier, who was the author of the disaster, rode on, and entered within the very walls of the town.

The surprised Touranese, between fear and joy, not knowing where there would be a stop to the destructive scourge which seemed proceeding towards themselves, were endeavouring to avoid it; but the  
generous

generous warrior divining the motive of their terror, stopped and took off his helmet.

Heavens! how were they transported with joy, when, instead of beholding an object to be dreaded, they recognized the features so dear to them, the face of the amiable Egremont?

Doubt and fear were succeeded by shouts of extacy and tears of joy: the youth crowded around him, the women flew to meet him, the old men hastened towards him: they fell at his feet and bathed them with tears.

Never was a deliverer, never was a monarch adored by his subjects, received with such flattering acclamations, with testimonies of gratitude and attachment more affecting or less suspicious: but Egremont commanding himself amidst the transports of the common joy, thus addressed the surrounding concourse:

“ Countrymen, reserve your thanks for  
“ God, to whom alone they are due,  
“ and take advantage of the astonishment  
“ and inactivity into which the enemy is  
“ thrown to complete your deliverance.  
“ Be quick ; let instruments of iron, let  
“ flames remove for ever from your  
“ walls the threatening engine which has  
“ been erected against them. If you  
“ find any resistance, I shall not be slow  
“ in returning to your aid.”

The people ran to arms ; the bridge, and the mole on which it rested, soon became a prey to flames. The besiegers took no steps to prevent the destruction of their machine : confused and intimidated they abandoned their camp and baggage, and sought safety in flight.

In the meantime the hero, followed by the unarmed part of the people, whom want of strength and skill rendered useless in battle, took the way amidst acclamations

mations to the tower, in which the tender and unhappy Hippolita was imprisoned. He approached it : at sight of him the guards made way, the warden presented the keys, and the gates were opened.

It would be in vain to attempt to paint the interview of the two lovers, the raptures, caresses, tears, and expressions of a passion so tender, so lively, so long combated, and almost hopeless ; and were it possible to describe it in all its force, what heart could bear the effect of it ? none but those of stone : what eye could endure the perusal of it ? none but those which have never shed a tear.

“ Come, my beloved, Hippolita,  
“ come,” said the too happy lover,  
“ you have nothing more to fear, you  
“ are mine by a grant of heaven : come  
“ and forget in the arms of your husband,  
“ the frightful distress into which  
“ his imprudence plunged you.”

Hippolita

Hippolita overjoyed accompanied him trembling, and with his assistance placed herself behind him on the noble courser. They took the way to one of the principal gates of the town ; the inconsiderate people, heaping blessings upon them, yielded to their enthusiasm. “ This is  
 “ our Princess,” cried they, “ this our  
 “ deliverer : long may they live ! may  
 “ they reign over us ! and perish the  
 “ cause of all our misfortunes !”

They were just going to leave the town, when the Count of Tours, who was that moment admitted into it with a few of his followers, met them. Egremont, on seeing him, dismounted and approaching his sovereign, knelt before him. “ I will not, my lord,” said he,  
 “ flatter myself that I have done enough  
 “ to disarm your just indignation ; but I  
 “ am confident that, guilty as I am in  
 “ your eyes, you will respect the decrees  
 VOL. II. G “ of

“ of heaven, who has chosen him for the  
“ deliverance of your states. You will  
“ not refuse him the reward which he is  
“ taking with him, and which the same  
“ decrees authorize him to expect from  
“ you, that reward for which he thought  
“ himself able to undertake every thing.  
“ I will say no more on the subject, my  
“ lord, I am sensible that an unequal  
“ union must expose a daughter to the  
“ reproaches of her father and sovereign,  
“ and that I, notwithstanding some ser-  
“ vices, cannot not but be a disagreeable  
“ object to your eyes. I am going to  
“ leave your dominions and to repair to  
“ Edeffa, of which fortune, in recom-  
“ pence of my rashness, has given me  
“ the sovereignty. I——”

“ Seigneur,” replied Sigismond, in-  
terrupting Egremont, “ I see how much  
“ you are favoured by heaven, and my  
“ eyes are opened to the merit which  
“ renders

“ renders you worthy of its favour. In  
 “ future we meet no more but as father  
 “ and son, or sovereign and sovereign ;  
 “ and if I do not press your stay in Eu-  
 “ rope, and at my court, ascribe it not to  
 “ a sentiment unworthy of you and of  
 “ me. I should be sorry to deprive the  
 “ Christians of Palestine of their firmest  
 “ bulwark ; and as my own misfortunes  
 “ compelled me to leave them exposed to  
 “ the many dangers which encompassed  
 “ them on every side, what better can I  
 “ wish, as contributing to their defence,  
 “ than to see myself so worthily replaced  
 “ by a hero, whom I shall in future be  
 “ proud to call my son ?” In saying  
 this, Sigismond gave Egremont the  
 accolade of knighthood, then going up  
 to Hippolita, who, trembling and look-  
 ing down, did not dare to step forward  
 to meet her father, took her tenderly into  
 his arms and embraced her. He would



then have had them both go with him to his palace, but the fear of meeting the looks of Sybilla deterred the lovers, and for the moment, Sigismond thought proper to desist urging them. A different emotion, and of the strongest nature drew them towards the spot where the little river Cher pours its tributary stream into the Loire, for there it was that the sage Anchorite had declared they should find the fruit of their love, the first cause of their misfortunes, but now the object of their mutual endearments, the pledge and bond of their mutual tenderness. They left the town and pursued the course of the river. But it would be minute and tedious to pursue the narrative farther. Heaven that willed nothing should be wanting to the happiness of the virtuous couple, whose constancy it had crowned with triumph, was their surety that their search should not prove vain. Happy  
as

as their hearts could wish, they set out for Palestine, followed by the regret, the tears, the blessings of the Touranese, who, in seeing them depart, thought they were losing their guardian angels.

They were received with rapture at Edeffa, a marquisate which Egremont had had conferred upon him in consequence of an heroic action he had performed in favour of it, and by which he had delivered it from the yoke of a cruel tyrant, at the time that Sigismond was a prisoner in Damascus.

But now the reader will perhaps wish to hear what became of Violetta and Tourville, the former of whom was left with the Count of Antioch, and the latter in the paroxysm of a burning fever. It is very likely that they both escaped their dangers, and that they afterwards met, for they were known to be the ornaments of the court of Edeffa, where

Violetta shone by the charms of her person, her softness, and her wit. Tourville still cultivated the talents with which heaven had endowed him. He began with an epithalamium on Egremont and Hippolita, at which his squire shrugged his shoulders; but this was only an old habit of his, as versifying was of his master's, and habits we know are not to be corrected all at once.

Some may think that though Dagobert has been pretty roughly handled, his mother has not been sufficiently punished.

What! did Sybilla see the happiness of Egremont and Hippolita, and is yet not thought sufficiently wretched! Oh! novice in the nature of agony! Couldst thou but look into the heart of the envious thou wouldst then see that the success of the envied object is more exquisite torture to it than were those inflicted  
by

by the Vultures preying on Prometheus.

But I have wars to terminate.—I left the Count of Blois besieging Vannes.—Is it difficult to imagine a negotiation and a treaty?

What shall we do with the siege of Damascus? Who will undertake to extinguish the fire in Asia?

Pharphar, and thou Abana! cool and pellucid streams, that bathe the walls of that celebrated city, the scene of so many illustrious actions, your chrystal waters have been but too much tinged with blood: oh, never may ye again be made to blush, save when ye reflect the purple of the flowers that adorn your banks!

END OF THE FIRST TALE



THE  
KNIGHTS ERRANT:  
A TALE,  
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MARVELLOUS.





# THE KNIGHTS ERRANT.

---

## CHAP. I.

Introduction of the hero and heroine.—The grand proof of love—how the hero fails in it. Confidants necessary in love.—Like master, like man.

A FEW leagues from Paris there lived at his family seat, a gentleman of the name of De Joinville. Being the only remaining child of his parents, their affection had for years been concentrated in him, and after an education, which might be esteemed liberal, his affection and gratitude had induced him to spend his time principally with them. De Joinville had nearly attained the age of thirty before he lost his father, whose

G 6

death

death was soon followed by that of his mother. Habit and a certain romantic turn of mind attached him to the spot where he had passed so much of his youth, and he continued to reside upon his estate.

Another motive perhaps concurred in detaining him in the country: the adjoining seat belonged to and was inhabited by a beautiful widow who was much about his own age. Felicia de Belmont might be said to be in the meridian of her beauty. She had not been married above three years, when she became the widow of Louis de Belmont, a superannuated general to whom, in friendship, her father had sacrificed her.

De Joinville whose education and principles had never permitted a sentiment of love to steal into his heart, while the lovely Felicia was the wife of his  
neigh-

neighbour, had not felt himself restrained from the admiration which was her due. The delicacy of his mind likewise suffered a decent term of widowhood to elapse, and it was not till Louis de Belmont had given up the ghost and all earthly claim to the lady full a year, that de Joinville could not conceal from himself that he had been passionately in love three months.

Nor had he dared to hazard a confession of his tenderness; for though, in reality, the proximity of their residence, the chevalier's manners and person, with the addition of a certain conformity of sentiments and character, had made a tender impression in his favour, on the heart of Madame de Belmont, yet a haughty air, and an extreme delicacy, which he observed in the lady, had always restrained him.

De Joinville, then, was in the third month of his secret passion, when going one morning

ing to see the amiable object of it, he met her in a little wood or plantation near his seat. It seems that the lady was looking for the most retired and shady spot in the neighbourhood to peruse a book which she had in her hand, and which appeared to give her very great pleasure. De Joinville accosted her with a tender and timid air: "Can I flatter myself," said he to her, in a gentle accent, "that  
 " you will have the goodness to give up  
 " for a moment, the subject that occupies  
 " you, to favour me with your conversation?" This compliment was paid in too respectful a manner to be treated with disdain. "Whatever pleasure I find  
 " in reading," replied she, "I willingly  
 " relinquish it for that of conversing  
 " with you." On this De Joinville asked her what book she was reading. She said, "A Romance, the lovers in which  
 " have sentiments that charm me. How  
 " amiable

“ amiable is love when supported in this  
“ manner. I think that women would  
“ be but too happy could they inspire a  
“ tenderness of the nature of that which  
“ mutually filled their bosoms. What  
“ care to avoid the slightest want of  
“ respect ! what avowals extorted by an  
“ excess of feeling ! what timidity !  
“ They no sooner confess their love than  
“ they consider themselves lost and  
“ guilty, worthy of death, and would  
“ go into eternal banishment, if they  
“ were not prevented. But they are  
“ noble criminals, who in their fears re-  
“ tain a just pride worthy of correcting  
“ their crime, should they not be abso-  
“ lutely displeased with their confession ;  
“ and thus how pure their raptures !  
“ how innocent their caresses ! You  
“ see, sir, what an impression it has left  
“ upon me. The age is corrupted, we  
“ do not live as they did formerly, the  
“ noblest

“ noblest passion is now but a trifle,  
 “ lovers are impudent and women have  
 “ lost their influence, they retain only  
 “ the mortifying power of exciting a  
 “ grovelling desire, unaccompanied with  
 “ that of commanding the hearts, and  
 “ of ruling the fortunes and destinies of  
 “ their lovers.”—“ No, no, Madam,”  
 cried De Joinville eagerly, “ there are still  
 “ some whom the corruption of the age  
 “ has not robbed of that power.”—“ Is  
 “ it possible ?” replied Madame de Bel-  
 mont, with an embarrassed air : “ What !  
 “ are you acquainted with ladies whose  
 “ power equals that of those famous beau-  
 “ ties over their lovers, and are you your-  
 “ self among those subject to them ? pray  
 “ tell me.”—“ I did not say, Madam,”  
 replied De Joinville, “ that I knew seve-  
 “ ral of those powerful beauties, but if  
 “ you doubt that there any, you must  
 “ be little acquainted with yourself.”

As

As he spoke these words, he blushed and stopped. Felicia de Belmont remained sometime without replying, and then uttering her words with a grave and circumspect slowness, she said, “ I do  
“ not wish to be such as you speak of to  
“ any person; and if by any chance in  
“ which my will had no part, there  
“ should indeed be found one bold  
“ enough to see me in that light and to  
“ tell me so, I should be able by a just  
“ pride to convince him that the passion  
“ of the most amiable lover could never  
“ affect me, unless he had respect enough  
“ to bury himself in silence. This is the  
“ part I am most delighted with in those  
“ whose adventures I have read.”—  
“ Were their mistresses,” replied De  
Joinville, “ always, ignorant of their  
“ love, and is there no term to the most  
“ respectful silence?”—“ None,” said  
she, “ for it is the part of excessive love  
“ to



“ to prevent an end being put to it.”—  
 “ Alas! as that is the case,” replied De Joinville, mournfully, “ I shall never  
 “ have the gratification of condemning  
 “ myself to an eternal exile, and of confessing myself guilty towards you, of  
 “ the purest and noblest crime ever committed by the heart of a lover.”

How inwardly charmed was Felicia de Belmont to hear De Joinville express himself in this manner! Her heart had long fed on sentiments found in Romances: and indeed the timid De Joinville himself had chiefly pleased her by the conformity of his taste to hers. She was not ignorant that he loved her, and she had yielded to the inclination which pleaded in his favour the more willingly, because the picture she had always drawn of love agreed with his: she even secretly indulged a hope of resembling in the effects of the passion she had inspired,  
 those

those beauties of former times, whose adventures she had devoured. The manner in which De Joinville had now declared his love, appeared to her so exalted, so suited to all ideas of respect, timidity, and noble adventurous boldness that she secretly considered that moment as the presage of some adventure, at least as interesting as any of those she had read. Her age, the taste of the times, her circumscribed fortune, all vanished from her thoughts; she only saw in De Joinville a lover of the most exalted kind, and in herself the future noble subject of a brilliant passion, the beginning of which showed what must be the end of it.

“ I know not,” replied she to De Joinville’s speech, “ what can have provoked  
 “ so bold a compliment from you. No  
 “ doubt, the banishment you speak of  
 “ should be the reward of your rashness :  
 “ but I advise you to be the first to con-  
 “ demn

“ demn yourself to it, without waiting  
 “ the sentence from my anger.”—  
 “ Well! Madam,” said the lover who  
 expected no milder answer,” you shall  
 “ be satisfied: I merit, no doubt, the  
 “ scorn with which you treat my passion,  
 “ in not deigning even to punish it with  
 “ your anger; but the manner in which  
 “ I mean to punish myself, shall draw  
 “ from you a confession, that no heart  
 “ was ever more worthy of loving than  
 “ mine, as I shall forget nothing to  
 “ render myself as wretched as I deserve  
 “ to be, for having displeased you.”

At these words, De Joinville suddenly  
 left Madame de Belmont, who only  
 waited the conclusion of his reply to en-  
 joy comparing the nature of his address  
 with that she had read of in her ro-  
 mances: nothing was deficient in it;  
 Cesario himself, brought to life, could  
 not have declared his love in a better  
 style.

style, a declaration, too, followed by banishment. De Joinville was worthy of himself; he bore the misfortune of being ill received, like one that deserved to rank among the most celebrated heroes of love; and Madame de Belmont might in future match with the illustrious Cleopatra herself. Her lover was a thousand times more enchanted with her cruelty than an ordinary lover would have been with the approbation of his mistress. Indeed the gentleman, as well as the beautiful widow, had, for more than ten years, passed the greater part of his time in collecting and reading romances: the congeniality of her character had made him her slave, and suddenly conscious that she must, at least for a few weeks previous to his declaration, have perceived his love in his actions, the indifference she affected had but enslaved

flaved him the more, from the pleasure he felt in loving a person whose manners bore so much resemblance to those of the heroines of his romances.

He was now in disgrace, and in a situation similar to so many illustrious criminals whose tender boldness had been punished like his: the adorable Felicia was offended, and to him this anger of pride was a source of inexpressible pleasures.

Madame de Belmont, on her part, the amiable Madame de Belmont bewailed in secret the cruelty of a duty that compelled her to drive to despair a lover whom she adored; her swollen heart reproached her for a barbarity, which still was charming to her. “He flies me,” said she, “De Joinville resolves to shun me. Cruel, cruel duty! why dost thou oppose the soft inclination my  
“ heart

“ heart feels for him ?” Alas ! cruel as the duty was, it was to her a charming tyrant.

De Joinville was now bent on quitting his pleasant seat, and all the comforts derived from his poultry yard, his farm, and the manor, which abounded with hares and partridges: the delicate repasts they provided, had no longer any charms for him. He was now to become a miserable knight, the sport of fortune.

To complete the regularity of his passion there was still wanting a confidant into whose bosom he might pour the tears that were to stream from his eyes. He turned his thoughts on the son of a neighbouring farmer, who was rich enough for his family to have been exposed to some of the encroachments of luxury. The youth was about two and twenty years old : De Joinville had read all his romances to him, and his brain,  
pre-



predisposed to receive the infection, was wound up to a degree of phrenzy sufficient to render him worthy of the lover's choice. It was not, indeed, so refined a phrenzy as that of De Joinville's, but was proportioned to the rustic nature of his education; he had received an impression of all the extravagance without any of the delicacy of it; but that is of little importance to an ungrateful age like this, more inclined to laugh at, than to sympathize with the noble emotions of chivalry. De Joinville was but too happy, however, in finding such a one as Blaise, so was the young countryman called.

Blaise arrived at De Joinville's seat just as the latter was going to send for him. The tears that flowed from the eyes of the unhappy De Joinville, and some sighs which escaped him, convinced the rustic that something was the matter with his parton. "Alas! sir! what ails you?"  
cried



cried he, approaching him, with an air more than half worthy of the renowned confidants of old: "You weep like Artames; I think I see him; I have just been reading the book which speaks of him. While you are weeping, come and throw yourself down at the foot of an oak, where I will go and sit by you, and you shall tell me your sorrows: just so was it with him and his confidant." De Joinville, answering him only with a deep sigh, walked on negligently, and passing through his poultry yard, went and sat down at the foot of a walnut-tree which stood near the house: Blaise followed without opening his lips, and waiting till he was seated, threw himself at his feet.

Nothing could be better than all this to soothe the wretchedness of our lover. In this position he redoubled his sighs, casting his eyes frequently to heaven, while

Blaise, to testify the part he took in his grief imitated his moaning, by most affecting noises in his throat.

In due time the accurate confidant, satisfied that there had been fighting enough, observed to the sad De Joinville that too much of one thing was good for nothing : “ It is now time for speaking, sir,” said he, “ tell me your history.” On this De Joinville raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed: “ O heaven! how much am I to “ be pitied !”—“ Ah! sir,” replied Blaise, “ not yet so much as Artames; for when “ he wept at the foot of the oak, they “ say he had not had a morsel within “ his lips for two days, whereas you “ have one great consolation remaining in “ being near a poultry-yard well stocked, “ and belonging to yourself.”—“ Hea- “ vens !” cried De Joinville, “ what is “ it you say ?”—“ Nothing but the “ truth I assure you, sir; I have the “ book

“book in my pocket.”—“That’s not what I speak of,” replied De Joinville ; “to support an unfortunate life, which the cruelty of Felicia condemns me to terminate, no longer enters my thought.”—“Ungrateful creature !” cried Blaise ; “I could have sworn from the first that she would play you a trick ; she is as like Cleopatra as two drops of water. I guessed she had caught you, and I foresaw from that moment, that you would be obliged to wander over the country for her : but tell me how your misfortune happened.”

Here De Joinville related minutely the manner of his meeting Madame de Belmont, and of the particulars attending the declaration of his passion. “Oh !” said Blaise, “I no longer wonder at your sadness : I warrant me she received you like a dog. Get on your  
H 2 “boots,

“ boots, fir, you have nothing else left  
“ you to do, and I’ll get on mine, for I  
“ am desperately in love with her Abigail,  
“ Mademoiselle Babet : the rogue knows  
“ it well, but she is always as fierce to me  
“ as a cock, and I was only waiting till the  
“ next fair to declare my sufferings to her.  
“ It is as well as done, however ; and  
“ since you have had your dismissal, I  
“ will go for mine. I burn for the  
“ satisfaction of weeping as well as you.  
“ Ah ! Babet ! what have you done ?  
“ I must leave our pigs and turkeys.”

Blaise having ended his speech, De Joinville rose, saying ; “ Come, follow  
“ me ; your resolution has inspired me  
“ with one, from which nothing can turn  
“ me. I will go immediately to Felicia,  
“ again swear to her eternal love, and  
“ bid her a last adieu.”—“ Softly,  
“ softly, fir,” replied Blaise, “ you go  
“ too fast : you must give her time to  
“ forget

“ forget the offence you have already  
 “ committed against her : you would  
 “ spoil all if you was to see her again  
 “ while her anger is so fresh : she never  
 “ could in conscience pardon your pre-  
 “ sumption. You know it must be so,  
 “ if you would but have the goodness to  
 “ recollect yourself : love must be love.”

—“ You are right, my dear Brefsis,” re-  
 plied De Joinville, “ the violence of my  
 “ love, made me forgetful of the respect I  
 “ owe to the anger of the divine Felicia.”

—“ Sbobs ! how you delight my heart,”  
 said Blaife, “ by changing my name.  
 “ Brefsis ! my dear Brefsis ! Oh lud ! fir,  
 “ why are not we both of us wandering  
 “ through woods, like savages ? what  
 “ pleasure should I have in hearing you  
 “ call to me, ‘ come here Brefsis !’ But,  
 “ ’sbobs ! since you unchristen me, it  
 “ won’t cost you any more to give me  
 “ a different name. I don’t much like

“ that of Brefis, it is too dry ; you had  
 “ better call me Timanes.”—“ Well, my  
 “ dear Timanes,” said De Joinville,  
 “ let us postpone it till to-morrow ;  
 “ meanwhile leave me to abandon my-  
 “ self to my feelings.”—“ That’s well  
 “ said,” cried Timanes, “ you act like  
 “ a worthy knight, and seem to have  
 “ sucked the same milk as those who  
 “ have gone before you. But you have  
 “ not shade enough at the foot of this  
 “ tree : go into the plantation and seat  
 “ yourself near the great beech, where I  
 “ will come and attend you in a proper  
 “ manner ; and when I have dispatched  
 “ a porringer of soup, I will gallop  
 “ away and make Babet angry with me.  
 “ Babet ! ’sbobs ! I will unchristen her,  
 “ as you have done by me.”

At the conclusion of this speech, Blaise,  
 metamorphosed into Timanes, went to  
 the house. De Joinville had not many  
 servants,



servants, and there were none in the way to ask him what he was about ; besides they were accustomed to see him with their master. He went to the stable and took out two meagre horses, one of which was a mare that had a little foal at her side, the other a small, lank poney. Having saddled them both he mounted the latter, and led the mare by the bridle to the plantation, where De Joinville was musing on his love. The foal frisking and capering after its mother, he thought was rather too much : he did not remember to have read any where of a sucking foal taking part in the adventures of knights in love : but this difficulty he surmounted, by reflecting that it was probable that the historian would not descend to notice such a trifling circumstance.



## CHAP. II.

An heroic lover nothing without his horse.—The Squire's dilemma—Love in a wood—Our hero commits an unpardonable crime.

DE JOINVILLE was so profoundly buried in thought, that he did not see his squire mounted on his horse, till the little foal bounding and kicking about its mother, suddenly awoke him out of his reverie, by frisking close by his ear. The pensive lover startled, gave a shriek, and jumped upon his legs, while the provident squire alighting, presented the mare to her master, who was at a loss to guess the meaning of this sally. “I have brought you your mare, sir,” said the self-applauding Timanes : “her little foal

“ would

“ would follow her ; but what then ?  
 “ many a lover, perhaps, as well as you,  
 “ had foals at their heels : for where  
 “ there are mares there are foals, where  
 “ there are mothers there are children.”  
 “ —But Timanes,” replied De Joinville,  
 who was vexed on recollecting the  
 scream he had given, and at being un-  
 worthily startled from the intrepidity into  
 the contemplation and imitation of which  
 he had fallen in his reverie, “ but what  
 “ are you going to do with the horses ?”  
 —“ Seigneur De Joinville,” said the  
 squire, “ I have brought them here that  
 “ you might be wrapt in thought as  
 “ a man ought to be wrapt in thought  
 “ in a wood. If any knight should pass  
 “ this way, he would take you for a  
 “ mere plebeian, to be near a tree with-  
 “ out a steed ; and, perhaps, suppose  
 “ that you padded it a foot, like a lean  
 “ cat ; and this would be a wrong done

“ to your mistress: so, pray, tie your  
“ horse’s bridle properly to the tree near  
“ which you recline, that you may fight  
“ in due form: what’s a shoemaker  
“ without leather? and what’s a knight  
“ without his horse, or his mare? As  
“ for me, I’ll stand at a respectful distance,  
“ and see you do it.”

This idea of the squire’s appeared extremely right to De Joinville, who was even astonished that he had not been struck with it himself, and taking the mare’s bridle he was going to tie her to the tree, when Timanes, suddenly catching his arm, cried; “ stay, stay, seigneur, I  
“ have a doubt; and that is about  
“ your tying your horse to the tree  
“ without having mounted. ‘Sbobs!  
“ if I remember well, the knights  
“ all dismounted first, and tied their  
“ horses afterwards: a cart does  
“ not go without wheels; when one  
“ makes

“ makes a ragout one must put in all the  
 “ ingredients. Please you, sir, to mount,  
 “ while I hold the stirrup, for that’s my  
 “ place, and I would not change it, no,  
 “ not for our exciseman’s.”—“ Oh ! hea-  
 “ ven !” exclaimed De Joinville, with-  
 out replying to his squire, “ Charming  
 “ but cruel Felicia, how have you dis-  
 “ tracted my mind !”—“ La !” cried  
 Timanes, “ if she knew that her lover  
 “ tied his mare to a tree without mount-  
 “ ing, she would care no more for him  
 “ than for a pair of old shoes.”

This said, De Joinville mounted,  
 while Timanes, cap in hand, held his  
 stirrup. As soon as he was seated in his  
 saddle : “ dismount as soon as you  
 “ please,” said the squire, “ you may  
 “ now muse for a thousand years, and no  
 “ one will cast the slightest reflexion on  
 “ you.” De Joinville paid no attention  
 to this remark, but, desiring Timanes

to leave him, pulled his hat over his brow, and rode on towards the thickest part of the plantation.

Timanes seeing his master ride away, ran to untie his own nag in order to follow. Before he could disengage the bridle, De Joinville was at a considerable distance. "Sbobs!" said the squire in a grumb'ling tone, "he is away and I not behind him." As he said this, he made an attempt to mount his horse, but the unwilling nag, shaking its head with vexation at being taken from the leaves he was eating, kept always turning in such a manner that Timanes, who seemed to make worse speed the more in haste he was, could not mount. "Confound the beast," cried he, "it has not the wit know, like me, that it ought to follow its master's mare. 'Sbobs! seigneur de Joinville is out of sight. Ah! I am half on." He was indeed half

half on, as he said this, having raised himself in the stirrup on one leg; but the other leg he could not get for the soul of him over the saddle, the horse having begun to move on in a hard trot, which shook every bone of the unhappy squire; an appellation he little deserved on this occasion: however, some allowance should be made for a man afraid of falling. “So! so!” cried he to the horse, then raising his voice, and roaring as loud as he could, “Ho! hollo! seigneur de Joinville! help! stop a moment!” He roared in vain, for while he was in this unseemly and ticklish predicament, his master was engaged in an adventure of a very different nature.

Felicia, on separating from De Joinville, after the declaration of his passion, had met her maid Babet, to whom she related the whole of her adventure with her lover, the barbarous haughtiness with which she had



treated the avowal of his love, and the cruel constraint she had imposed upon herself in concealing from her conqueror the victory he had gained over her heart. The confidante (that is, Babet, who, by her intercourse with her mistress and the reading of romances, had received impressions pretty similar to those of Timanes, but a little softened), had calmed Felicia's agitation, as well as she could. "Alas, my lady," said she, "it is a sad thing to love; but you ought not to have been so cruel to your lover. Let us hope, however, that he will not be such a simpleton as to go away like a mute, without saying something, and perhaps, your heart will then yield." In this manner had Babet strove to alleviate the wretchedness of the unhappy Felicia.

They had together turned from the path where they met, and the way they took



took had insensibly led them into the thickest part of De Joinville's plantation.

Felicia's sadness at sight of those dark shades was but augmented: love is awakened and encreased by solitude. This spot was too agreeable to the passion of such a heart as Felicia's to be left without being honoured with a mark of the state of her mind. Babet, on whom the place made a similar impresson, advised Felicia to stop and repose herself in it. Selecting a large shady tree, the lovely widow threw herself at the foot of it. The confidante sat down close to her mistress, whose words were interrupted by sighs, placed her head upon her bosom, and wiped away the tears which flowed from the fine eyes of Felicia.

The posture of the lady like every thing else, was made the most of. All about her was trained to suit the character of her passion. Having sighed well,

well, and her confidante having sufficiently wiped her fine eyes, she thought it time to complete her situation by falling into a sleep brought on by her dependence.

Whether this sleep be the natural effect of such a cause is nothing to the purpose; perhaps the eyes of a heroine of love are formed to concur in all that gives a finished taste of noble tenderness.

In this situation was Felicia reposing when De Joinville carried he knew not whither, by his unhappiness and his horse, arrived at the very spot. "Do I," exclaimed he, "behold the queen of  
" my soul. O Heaven! in what an un-  
" foreseen manner dost thou alternate  
" pain and pleasure!" After this short  
" ejaculation worthy of his agreeable  
surprise, he advanced, having first dismounted. Babet, on whose lap Felicia was sleeping, gave a scream which waked  
the

the drowsy dame. Already was De Joinville at the feet of the cruel fair when she opened her eyes. "Heavens!" cried he, "and do I meet you, adorable Felicia, when driven by despair I fly the regions gladdened by your presence." For, short as was the way he had rode, the act was now in his mind, a meditated flight.—"Alas!" how severely do you punish me for the innocent accident which led me to disturb your repose!" —"Ah! Seigneur," replied Felicia, half fainting under the emotion excited in her bosom, by a situation so well and so naturally produced, "Seek not to disturb it more; it is a repose I perhaps owe to a thousand pangs. Why come you here? I thought that an eternal silence and your absence would have spared me the agitation into which you have again thrown me; leave me." "Yes, barbarous fair," replied

replied De Joinville, “ since you com-  
 “ mand it, I will fly ; but grant me first  
 “ the soft satisfaction of testifying to you,  
 “ once more, how much my heart adores  
 “ you : or rather, trust not to a flight  
 “ which my heart may be too ready to  
 “ renounce, but do you yourself with  
 “ this steel ’ (for Blaise had not forgotten  
 his sword) “ pierce the heart whose love  
 “ displeases and insults you.”—“ Ah !  
 “ Seigneur !” said Felicia, “ such excess  
 “ of tenderness terrifies me ; I do not  
 “ hate that heart so much as to—” Here  
 she stopped, and a blush, spreading itself  
 over her countenance, finished what she  
 meant to say, much better than words  
 could have done.

During the tender conversation that  
 now passed between the lovers, Timanes,  
 that unskilful squire, was galloping  
 through the plantation without having  
 been able to get his leg quite over the  
 crupper

crupper of his horse, which, ill guided in the manner Timanes curbed the bridle, snorted, kicked and tossed its head, and in its jolting gallop combed the squire's hair with the branches of the trees. His hat had fallen from his head; his hair standing an end, added a certain comical horror to the natural ugliness of his visage, and to complete the frightful picture, his mouth, extended to vociferate his cries, seemed to part his head into two distinct pieces. After trotting and galloping from one place to another, the horse at last, bore the unfortunate Timanes to the spot where the love scene was passing. He saw his master first, and cried out to him to stop his horse: but the animal at sight of De Joinville's mare stopped of himself, and put an end to the squire's roaring.

Timanes now alighted, and perceiving that Felicia and Babet were with his master: "Ho, ho!" said he, coolly,  
 " here

“ here you are both : my horſe did well  
 “ to ſtop here, as it will ſave me the  
 “ trouble to go after you Mademoiſelle  
 “ Babet, who from this day forwards  
 “ ſhall be called Dinah, juſt as I have  
 “ changed my name, Blaife for Timanes,  
 “ and all to pleaſe you. Yes, all to  
 “ pleaſe you, which I tell you now plain-  
 “ ly, and which you have been croſs  
 “ enough not to gueſs, though for three  
 “ months paſt my eyes have told you  
 “ what would fill a quire of paper.  
 “ I expected you would pretend to know  
 “ nothing ; and that was very proper : but  
 “ at laſt opportunity makes a thief ; ſo  
 “ here am I out of your good graces :  
 “ but ’sbobs ! all’s one, I don’t mind it,  
 “ for I love you, and you know it as  
 “ well as I do ; ſo if piping and ram-  
 “ bling about with Seigneur de Join-  
 “ ville is what you want, ſay the word  
 “ and we will both ſet off for the world’s  
 “ end, and when we can go no further  
 “ we’ll



“ we’ll come back and see you ; ’sbobs !

“ we’ll have the rose after the thorn.”

Mademoiselle Babet, in future Dinah, was about to reply to the tender confession of Timanes, when De Joinville, looking scornfully at the squire, said to him : “ Know, Timanes, that you have  
 “ chosen an improper time and place to  
 “ declare your passion to Dinah, who  
 “ must be sensible of the impropriety :  
 “ mind what you are about.”—“ I beg  
 “ pardon,” said Timanes : then giving Dinah a roughish tug by the sleeve ;  
 “ come this way,” said he to her, “ let  
 “ us go stand near the horses to pro-  
 “ nounce my sentence. ’Sbobs ! I jump  
 “ for joy, to be banished from your pre-  
 “ sence, sweet Dinah, much as I love  
 “ you. Oh ! what sighs shall I heave to  
 “ your glory ! how I shall trot my  
 “ beast of a horse ! Come, quick,  
 “ answer, to cut short my parley.”—  
 “ Zooks !”



“ Zooks !” replied Dinah, “ you are a  
 “ very impudent fellow, Timanes, to  
 “ dare to tell me to my very face, that  
 “ you love me.”—“ Good,” cried the  
 squire, “ this is as it should be ; I shall  
 “ see the world’s end.”—“ Know, Ti-  
 “ manes,” continued Dinah, “ that you  
 “ offend me.”—“ I do it on purpose,” re-  
 plied the squire, “ ’Sbobs ! I should be very  
 “ sorry to please you ; go on.”—“ Yes,  
 “ to tell you, sir,” replied Dinah, “ to  
 “ carry elsewhere that face of yours,  
 “ which I will see no more.”—“ ’Sbobs,”  
 cried the squire, “ you must have a good  
 “ spy-glass if you see it where it will be :  
 “ but some day—” “ Leave my pre-  
 “ sence,” said Felica’s confidante, “ and  
 “ answer me not.”—“ That’s not right,”  
 replied Timanes, “ I ought to speak,  
 “ and you to hold your tongue and go  
 “ away, then shall I fly as if on fire, I  
 “ shan’t say where.”—“ If that’s the  
 “ case,”

“ safe,” replied Dinah, “ I shall return  
“ to my mistress: but, hark ye, Ti-  
“ manes, don’t you now go and be such  
“ a fool as to set out without telling me ;  
“ for in real speaking I do love you, and  
“ as for any thing else, you know its all  
“ make-believe. Though I say I hate you  
“ now ; when you come to bid me good-  
“ by, Oh dear, I am sure I shall faint.”

When Dinah had finished this speech, she went back to Felicia, whose heart was distilling tenderness with that of De Joinville. Nothing is sweeter than to be told we are beloved, especially after the dread of being hated: never did lover feel this more exquisitely than De Joinville. He was transported with a joy beyond the power of his heart to contain. Felicia from time to time moderated his raptures. He had seized her beautiful hands from which he never took his lips, but when the exactness of modesty warned

warned her to displace them. These tender caresses, it seems, were attended with a certain diminution of respect, and the lover so far forgot himself as to throw his arm round the sacred stays of Felicia, and to kiss her lips, with an ardour most indiscreet.

What an outrage! wretched De Joinville! of what a world of woes was this mad action to be the source! Felicia blushed with shame and rage; on her brows there spread a cloud which prefigured the thunder with which she was about to strike her unfortunate, but guilty lover. The roses forsook her cheek, the vermillion of her lips, which remained beautiful in spite of the haughtiness that now possessed them, faded and gave way to the pallid hue of rage. Suddenly flushing again she rose, and casting at De Joinville a look that might have struck terror to the heart of Mars himself:

“ Insolent !”

“ Insolent !” said she, “ leave me for-  
 “ ever. As my condescension embold-  
 “ ened you to insult me, that too easy  
 “ condescension is changed to eternal  
 “ hatred ; and in order to convince you,  
 “ rash man, to what a degree the action  
 “ you have just committed provokes my  
 “ resentment, I will take the hint you  
 “ gave me, I will not trust to your deter-  
 “ mination of absence, which want of  
 “ respect, which impudence may soon  
 “ prompt you to change ; I will myself  
 “ fly from whatever place you are like-  
 “ ly to be in. You need not answer  
 “ me.”

What a blow to the hopes of the in-  
 cautious De Joinville ! The chapman  
 with his glass-ware was not more asto-  
 nished at the cursed accident which over-  
 turned his schemes of fortune ; no law-  
 yer could have been more surprisèd had  
 he found his purse empty after a ten  
 VOL. II. I year's

year's suit; no bell-founder could be more amazed at seeing his metal run and spread; De Joinville had not power to utter a syllable, as Felicia proceeded to execute her resolution. But before she had gone far, the idea that he was about to lose her, restored him a little presence of mind; he ran trembling and caught the fugitive by her robe. Felicia turning towards him with still greater rage than she had shown before, said to him: "Do not encrease your crime by an opportunity which I detest, and if your heart, after what you have done, can still love me, let it spare me the shame and vexation of seeing you."

Having said this, she turned her back upon him. De Joinville had thrown himself on his knees; in which posture he remained immoveable, except his eyes which seemed to play on swivels, but in such a manner as to show that they were

only set in motion by the dreadful shock of seeing Felicia flying with such fatal resolutions as she had taken. Timanes, who had staid with the horses in order to pay immediate attention to the dismissal Dinah had given him, heard nevertheless all the quarrel between De Joinville and Felicia: he had even observed the action of his master, and had instantly condemned his audacity, as he perfectly remembered that the books took no notice of a lover having ever dared to touch the stays of his mistress.

## CHAP. III.

Necessary quarrel.—Our hero abandons his dwelling.—Terrifying occurrence on the road.—Proceedings of the Knight and Squire at a little inn.

THE return of Felicia's anger greatly afflicted Timanes ; he pitied his unhappy master, for he now foresaw a thousand tortures which perhaps would not have so speedy a termination. But perceiving Dinah, on her part, marching off with her lady, and fearing that he should not have an opportunity of returning to speak to her, he ran after her, " Ho ! ho ! Dinah," cried he, " speak  
" before you go. You cruel, you ob-  
" stinate creature, I shall perhaps kill  
" myself for having displeased you by  
" the



“ the confession of my love. Dying is  
 “ not all either ; I shall make as much  
 “ noise over hills and vales as a thousand  
 “ cats ; I shall retrench the half of my  
 “ allowance every meal, till I am as  
 “ lank and pale as a man in a consump-  
 “ tion, and at last die, so shall you be  
 “ satisfied, and I too.”—“ Hah ! what’s  
 “ that you say ? you little rogue of a  
 “ squire,” replied Dinah, “ you really  
 “ set my heart all in a flurry ; I don’t  
 “ know what to say or do ; but don’t  
 “ you see I blush and that my tongue  
 “ wags faster than I would have it : you  
 “ may go away whenever you please,  
 “ but if you will believe me, there is no  
 “ such great hurry : adieu Timanes, I can  
 “ no longer endure the looks of your love  
 “ expressing eyes ; I have said too much  
 “ but there is no breaking off a piece  
 “ from what one has said, as one can  
 “ from a bit of cake.”—“ Ah ! my  
 “ queen !”

“ queen !” cried Timanes, “ to be sure  
“ I don’t feel all over delightful : ’sbobs !  
“ how charming it is to be loved by a  
“ girl that speaks without knowing  
“ what she says ! But Dinah, there’s  
“ my master whom your mistress is re-  
“ solved to see no more. The lady Fe-  
“ licia is going perhaps to leave this  
“ neighbourhood in some carriage, or on  
“ horseback or muleback, and seigneur  
“ De Joinville on his part going to take  
“ on, and despair among the wolves  
“ in the woods, till the cut he has given  
“ to the heart of Felicia is closed up.  
“ ’Sbobs ! what should I have to do with  
“ him, if you and I had not a quarrel  
“ too ? Come near, Dinah, that I may  
“ handle your jumps, and then fiercer  
“ than a captain of the guards you shall  
“ square yourself to eye me from head  
“ to foot, call me dog, insolent, vaga-  
“ bond, and turn your back upon me,  
“ like

“ like Felicia.” He had scarcely finished his speech when he flew up to Dinah, and put his imaginations into execution, before she had time to prevent him. Shrinking from his grasp, Dinah gave him a blow in the stomach, which made the audacious squire fall back several paces. “ Take that, you dirty dog ;” cried she, “ I have a great mind to tear “ out your eyes. Go hang yourself you “ wretch ; if you stay here, I’ll strangle “ you with my garter.”—Alas ! alas ! “ Dinah,” said he, falling on his knees, and seizing her petticoat as if he would have torn it, “ Alas ! Alas ! Dinah, don’t be so “ furious, consider how wretched I am.” —“ Away, insolent fellow !” replied the damsel as she turned from him, “ away, “ you are but an ass of a squire.” She broke from him with these expressive words, and went on, hastening with her mistress from the plantation, where they left De Joinville and his faithful Timanes.

“ That touching of the lady Felicia’s  
 “ stays, fir,” said the latter, “ was  
 “ rather a mistake, was not it ? ” — “ A  
 “ crime, a crime Timanes,” replied De  
 Joinville, “ hardly to be expiated by  
 “ years of suffering. From this hour I  
 “ devote myself to the hardships I de-  
 “ serve. I will travel to the farthest end  
 “ of the globe, I will debase the proud  
 “ and relieve the distressed, I will destroy  
 “ the oppressor and avenge the injured.”  
 — “ Right, seigneur,” cried Timanes,  
 “ and begin with the bailiff who sent  
 “ Louis Levine to the galleys for knock-  
 “ ing down a pheasant with a stone.” —  
 “ I will,” continued De Joinville, “ en-  
 “ counter fatigue, bear hunger, go with-  
 “ out sleep, court danger” — “ As for  
 “ fatigue,” said Timanes, “ we may  
 “ manage to bear that with the assistance  
 “ of the mare and gelding, and as for  
 “ danger, why, lord ! that’s nothing to  
 “ such hearts as ours ; but how we shall  
 “ contrive

“ contrive with hunger and sleep is the  
 “ rub, sir, seeing that the very law of  
 “ nature is against fasting and watching:  
 “ besides, sir, eating and sleeping is ne-  
 “ cessary to encounter fatigue and defy  
 “ danger.”—“ They are vulgar actions,”  
 said De Joinville, “ and beneath the  
 “ dignity of a banished lover.” The  
 squire’s digestive powers, which were  
 perhaps greater than those of his master,  
 had already left such a vacuum in his  
 stomach as resisted all arguments for  
 the vulgarity of eating, and he could not  
 help observing that turkeys, partridges,  
 and pigeons, were allowed by every body  
 to be genteel and delicate feeding.  
 “ What !” cried De Joinville, with a  
 look of contempt, “ for a banished  
 “ lover !” And without waiting for a  
 reply he mounted his mare, and Blaise,  
 following his example, bestrid his nag in  
 haste, lest, left again behind, he should

be again constrained to ride on one leg.

“Now, divine Felicia,” said De Joinville, as soon as they were seated, “I devote myself to appease thy just anger, resolving not to admit a hope of pardon till I have achieved some act worthy of thy approbation. Wilt thou follow me Timanes?”—“Lord love you, seigneur,” replied the farmer’s son, “I’ll follow you to the end of the world: I know when you appease the just anger of the lady Felicia, I shall have no trouble with the make-believe anger of Dinah. But, sir, are we to carry the foal with us? You see in all our misfortunes it has stuck close to us.”—“That would not be so convenient;” replied De Joinville. “In my opinion, seigneur,” said Timanes, “it would be very inconvenient. It would do nothing, or nothing but suck  
“ the



“ the mare, and I never heard, of such a  
 “ thing of a knight before, in my whole  
 “ life. Besides, the faggot’s old enough  
 “ to be weaned, and this will be a good  
 “ opportunity.” This was determined,  
 and the knight and squire rode to the  
 house, there to settle the plan of their pro-  
 ceedings.

The preparations were soon made, no  
 great wardrobe being necessary for an  
 expedition of the nature to which De  
 Joinville had devoted himself. He had  
 fortunately kept by him as a matter of  
 curiosity, a cuirasse, breastplate, and hel-  
 met, which had been left with him by an  
 officer, who had never after had occasion  
 for them. These in his present mood was  
 a prize. A small cloak bag contained the  
 rest of his apparel. To the management  
 of an old domestic who had been in the  
 family before he was born, he left his  
 house and estate, and would have set out



without delay, had not Timanes stated three objections, progressively more unanswerable: the first was that the sun was going down, the second that he could not proceed till he had taken a turn to his paternal abode, and the third that it would be a piece of cruelty unworthy the lover of Felicia to begin overnight to wean the foal. Such self-evident propositions were not to be resisted, and De Joinville consented to sleep at home that night, that the sun might rise next morning, that Timanes might equip himself, and that the foal might have a bellyful of milk previous to its weaning.

Having bid adieu to his parents, and assured them that he was going to travel with De Joinville, having sighed over his turkeys and assured them that he left them with sincere regret, having filled his wallet with such things as the squire of an enamoured knight might be supposed

posed to want, including a cold turkey, a brown loaf, and a flask of old wine, and having taken a good sound sleep to last him for the greater part of the next day, Timanes repaired long before day-light to the chateau of Felicia's lover.

De Joinville who had only thrown himself upon a couch to pass the hours in meditation on the charms of his mistress, was ready for his departure the moment his squire appeared. They were soon on horseback and in the road they were to take. The sky was overcast, and it was long before the twilight overcame the opposition of the clouds. All was dark and still; De Joinville, well acquainted with the road, pushed on in a round trot, and left his squire at a considerable distance behind, imagining him however close at his heels.

After sometime he slackened his pace, and began to repeat effusions to the  
beauty

beauty of his mistress. Timanes now coming up conceived that his master had overtaken some person with whom he had fallen into conversation, and was convinced of it as he perceived, though obscurely, a double object, and plainly heard the sounds of the feet of both horses. Hearing only De Joinville speak, and listening in vain at his pauses for a reply, the squire, whose brains were filled with a variety of supernatural adventures, began to suspect the knight's companion to be no better than he should. He approached a little nearer—De Joinville desisted from apostrophizing the object of his thoughts—all was silent, except the trampling of the horses feet. Timanes was a very brave youth in day-light, but in darkness he continued to be sensible of the remains of the impression which had been made upon his mind while a child. A certain trepidation took possession

sion of his nerves, and he was afraid either to ride up close, or to keep by himself at a distance. His apprehensions by degrees rose to such a pitch of fear that he most heartily wished he had been satisfied with courting Mademoiselle Babet in the common way. As the twilight pierced the clouds the object of his terror assumed different forms, and was sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left of De Joinville. As it changed sides it seemed to stand upon its stirrups and rise to the size of a giant, then suddenly sink as if fallen off the saddle over the neck of the horse. Appalled by the horrible vision, he drew in his bridle, stopped in the middle of the road, and for an instant hesitated whether he should desert, or trust to the return of day for a return of courage. The further he found himself removed from the phantom the more his virtue operated, and ashamed of  
aban-

abandoning De Joinville, he continued to follow, but at an awful distance, praying for speed to light, and never once thinking of Dinah. Thus he proceeded for some time when he saw a sudden flash of fire dart on all sides under his master's horse. He winked involuntarily, and when he opened his eyes he saw, for there was now light enough, two horses but no rider to either of them. Imagining that the unfortunate De Joinville had been actually carried away in a flash of fire by some magician or demon, he turned about, and lest he should share his master's fate, was going to put spurs to his horse, when he heard himself thrice called upon; "Timanes, Timanes, Timanes." It was the voice of De Joinville: conveyed along the road and magnified by his terror, it seemed to proceed from under ground. He was again called, and his ear being this time juster

to

to the direction of the sound, he ventured to turn his head though not his horse. It was light enough for him to distinguish De Joinville's person accoutred in the armour he had helped him to put on before they set out. He clearly saw two horses with him, but as the knight was alone he had no doubt that the other rider, whoever he was, had been vanquished, and had vanished in the flash which had so terrified him : he therefore, on hearing his master call again, summoned up courage to turn his horse and ride gently towards him. As he approached, "What's the matter, Timanes," said De Joinville, "why did not you ride up when you saw me fall?"—"Lord ! seigneur," replied Timanes, "but what's become of the monster that knocked you down ? Did he vanish in that flash of fire ?" "What monster ? what flash ?" said De Joinville. "Why the flash," replied the squire,



squire, " that lighted the whole sky at the  
" moment you fell, and the monster that  
" rode that horse on t'other side of the  
mare." In spite of the melancholy dignity of  
his new character, De Joinville burst into  
an immoderate fit of laughter, and drawing  
his horse on one side gave his Squire a  
full view of the monster that had so agi-  
tated him. " 'Sbobs! cried he, " are  
" you there, you faggot?" The dread-  
ful vision had been all raised by the  
mare's foal, which in the hurry of the  
Knight's departure had contrived to slip  
out of the stable unobserved and follow  
its mother in the dark. In passing from  
one side of the mare to the other it  
raised and shook its head, which the alarm-  
ed imagination of the Squire magnified  
into a giant whom he lost sight of as the  
foal lowered its neck. " But, seigneur,"  
said Timanes, " as I am a lover and a  
" Squire, I saw you disappear in a flash  
" of



“ of fire.”—“ That is to say,” replied De Joinville, as soon as he could speak for laughing, “ you saw me by the light  
 “ of the sparks which the mare’s shoes  
 “ struck from the *pavé*, and in an instant  
 “ you lost sight of me in the dark.”  
 Clear as this explanation was, Timanes was at first unwilling to be convinced that all the effects he had ascribed to supernatural agency, were entirely owing to natural affection and a common accident ; but as the clouds dispersed and the sun appeared upon the horizon his heart resumed its courage, and he wondered how he could have been such a simpleton.

Having examined the knees of the mare that had fallen at the time her shoes struck fire, and ascertained that they had not received any injury of consequence, the Knight and the Squire had a consultation on the subject of the foal, and it was determined that back it must

go. They had by this time travelled above three leagues, and De Joinville recollected that about a league farther on, there was a small public house where he might alight and wait for Timanes. "Seigneur," said Timanes, "neither the foal nor the horse I am upon can return without some refreshment." — "Nor the horse's rider," replied De Joinville, "so let us proceed to the little inn before us, that you may all enable yourselves to undertake the necessary journey back."

In half an hour they were at their resting place. De Joinville retired to a room where, in defiance of the marvelous charms of Felicia and the heroic resolutions of love, nature resumed her dominion over him. He threw himself upon a bed and slept soundly for two hours. Meanwhile Timanes took refreshment of a different kind, and attended to the horses,

horses, and having borrowed a halter from the landlord for the foal, was prepared for his departure, when De Joinville awoke. The innkeeper, conceiving it a necessary thing, had prepared breakfast for the knight, who, now by no means averse to it, fell to with an appetite scarcely inferior to that of his Squire.

While thus employed, Timanes went in to take his leave. "Seigneur," said he, presenting a small volume, "here is  
" a book which I threw into my wallet  
" as I left home, it may amuse the loan-  
" some hours you have to pass here."  
—"I thank you Timanes for your attention," replied De Joinville, "though  
" my thoughts are too much engaged in  
" the contemplation of the incomparable beauties of the divine Felicia to  
" need amusement."—"Consider, sir," rejoined Timanes, laying down the  
volume,

volume, "how many hours it will be before  
 " I am back—hang the foal I say—be-  
 " sides, seigneur, by thinking of something  
 " else you will return to the contemplation  
 " of the incomparable beauties of the  
 " divine lady Felicia with double relish,  
 " just as I used to set down to the incom-  
 " parable flavour of a delicate turkey  
 " after eating boiled pork for a week."  
 —" Your position may be just," said  
 De Joinville, " but you have illustrated  
 it with a most gross simile." The Squire  
 now took his leave, and the Knight  
 finished his breakfast.

## CHAP. IV.

Our hero walks forth.—Where he seated himself,  
and the wonderful consequences.

**T**IMANES was scarcely out of sight when a company of country people, going to the next market town with their commodities, stopped at the inn, which, as has been said, was not a very spacious one: De Joinville, therefore, in order to meditate with becoming dignity and quiet on the ineffable beauties of his mistress, resolved to walk forth in search of some gloomy forest or lone cave in the neighbourhood.

Turning into a by-path he proceeded about half a mile over a flat open country, when he came to an old tree, the branches of which had been lopped off, and which afforded no shade but what was offered  
by

by its hollow trunk. The sun was now high and powerful ; De Joinville's eye in vain explored the country on every side ; no gloomy forest invited him on, no rock or precipice promised him the retirement of a cave, while he felt himself impelled by burning rays, and allured by a seat carved by the artless hands of rustics on the decaying stumps within the hollow of the oak, to enter the body of the tree. He stepped in, and finding himself completely shaded, and in perfect solitude, sat down satisfied with his place of retirement.

Scarcely, however, was he seated, when taking into his hand some old leaves unconscious of the charm they contained, he was suddenly transported to an eminence whence he looked upon an extensive valley, where there appeared a great variety of objects confused to his eye, and to the further bounds of which his sight could not reach.

He stood for some minutes endeavouring to trace the parts of the valley nearest to him, but in vain, for he could perceive nothing distinctly, except a great number of persons of both sexes on the farther side of a variety of airy bridges over a deep river, which seemed to be the bounds of the valley towards the eminence. On the bridges he could perceive nothing, yet the persons whom he saw appeared by their position to have just passed over them, and were going forward followed by new-comers, who also proceeded imperceptibly from the bridges.

Unable to account for these appearances, he turned to examine the eminence on which he stood, when he suddenly perceived he was not alone. A figure possessing a majestic form and a benign countenance approached, and thus addressed him: “worthy knight I will not  
“ask thee whencethou comest, nor what is



“ the object of thy pursuit, for I know  
 “ thee, amiable Benvolio, and the resolu-  
 “ tions thou hast formed to render thyself  
 “ worthy of the divine Felicia. I am the  
 “ genius of these precincts of the valley  
 “ which lies before thee, and which thou  
 “ art about to enter, as it is only by pas-  
 “ sing through it that thou can’st attain  
 “ the happiness to which thou aspirest.”

De Joinville was not at all surprised at the  
 name pronounced by the genius: the  
 compliment paid to it endeared it to him,  
 but notwithstanding the opinion he enter-  
 tained of the superior knowledge of Genii,  
 had not he who mentioned the name of  
 Benvolio also spoken of Felicia, and de-  
 scribed the very charms which had made  
 so indelible an impression on his heart, he  
 might not perhaps have so readily ad-  
 mitted the appellation. Besides, he felt  
 a complacency in the presence of the ge-  
 nius, and a delight in the novelty of the  
 adven-

adventure which completely fascinated him.

“Thou hast done well, Benvolio,” pursued the genius, “to seek me previously to thy entrance into the valley of Dokimasia. The giddy multitudes flying to the bridges by the nearest and easiest road at the bottom of the hill, enter on the unknown territory without knowledge, skill, or strength to perform what is required of them, and few have any object at the other end of the valley : consequently they have no permanent pursuit ; every object though transient is for the time considered as the ultimate good. They are led captives by the giants of Dokimasia, or crushed by the monsters which they heedlessly carese.” The genius here presented a light telescope to Benvolio, directing it to the valley of Dokimasia, and desired him to look

K 2

through

through it. All was now clear, and the mountain beyond the river which formed the limits of the valley on the farther side was rendered perceptible. Like other valleys it was a tract of country running lengthwise between hills, from which it was separated by the branching of the immense river whose divided course, meeting again below, completely cut it off from all communication with the surrounding regions, except by means of the airy bridges over the branch at the foot of the eminence, which were never re-passed. Where or how it was passed on the farther side the telescope did not show. Within the insular valley there appeared considerable acclivities and declivities, and even abrupt projections of the land. The ground was every where intersected and separated by rivers and lakes. "You now see entirely across Dokimasia," said the benign genius of the hill,

hill, “ there are many intervening ob-  
 “ jects which I plainly behold, but which  
 “ not even the assistance of this glass  
 “ can enable you to perceive. These  
 “ your faculties are not adapted to dis-  
 “ tinguish but by approach : suffice it to  
 “ say, that the island is inhabited by mul-  
 “ titudes of human beings, and infested  
 “ by monsters of different kinds, some of  
 “ which can vary their forms at pleasure.  
 “ These are the inveterate enemies of the  
 “ inhabitants, and are ever engaged by  
 “ force or spells in enslaving or destroy-  
 “ ing them, driving at length those whom  
 “ they conquer, out of the valley by pas-  
 “ sages, which have no communication  
 “ with the opposite mountain, into hor-  
 “ rible regions which are the peculiar  
 “ dominions of a demon, whose subjects  
 “ they are. On the opposite mountain  
 “ resides a benignant spirit, who re-  
 “ ceives and rewards those who are not

“ overcome by the monsters of the  
 “ island. Thy passport to Felicia is in his  
 “ hands : subdue the monsters of Doki-  
 “ masia, break their spells, present thy-  
 “ self before the genius of the opposite  
 “ eminence, and be happy.”

Benvolio expressed his gratitude and was eager to be on the way that led to Felicia. “ Beware of haste,” said the genius, “ patience and firmness are as  
 “ necessary as zeal. Without the assist-  
 “ ance I shall afford thee, of little avail  
 “ would be all thy spirit and valour.”  
 Saying this, the genius gave him a circular frame composed of a hard substance resembling ivory, which encompassed a double mirror, two inches in diameter. On looking at one side he discerned himself very clearly, but nothing else : the other side, though as clear in appearance as the first presented no object whatever, it was a perfect vacuum. Benvolio sur-  
 prized

prized was about to enquire into the nature of this phenomenon, when the genius who knew what passed in his mind, thus addressed him : “ Ask no question, but  
 “ attend. The nature and use of this  
 “ gift will soon be made known to thee.  
 “ It is called in Dokimasia a Syneideeses :  
 “ the side into which thou first lookedst,  
 “ is a kind of mirror, named Parainetes,  
 “ the other is a sort, called Praxeis.  
 “ Make use of the former whenever thou  
 “ art in doubt : consult the latter every  
 “ night—.” Benvolio would have asked why he was to look at a mirror whence nothing was reflected, but was checked by the genius, who observed that farther explanation at present was unnecessary.  
 “ The advantage thou reapest by a pre-  
 “ vious visit to me, over those who hurry  
 “ to the entrance of the valley, consists  
 “ in the following advice : keep thy Sy-  
 “ neideeses hung constantly at thy bosom.



“ while thou art passing through Dokima-  
 “ sia, thou mayest observe that it is pro-  
 “ vided with a band for suspending it round  
 “ thy neck. Thou needest not expose  
 “ it to any of the inhabitants of the  
 “ valley; but neither shut it up, nor  
 “ suffer it to rust for want of use.” Here  
 the genius ceased and smiled. The  
 knight penetrated with gratitude, bent  
 one knee to the ground and bowed pro-  
 foundly: as he rose, he cast his eyes up  
 in search of the genius, but saw him no  
 more.

Still holding the syneideesis in his  
 hand, he descended the eminence and  
 soon found himself in company with  
 many others proceeding to the river.  
 With some of these he crossed one of the  
 bridges, at the other end of which they  
 were severally accosted by the bridge-  
 keepers, who presented every person with  
 a syneideesis. Most of them took it care-  
 lessly



lessly, and swung it about by the band, as they moved on. Several, laughing, threw theirs into the river. One being offered to Benvolio, he showed that which he had received from the genius of the eminence, on which he was saluted with a smile by the bridge-keeper, and passed on. Soon after his entrance into the valley, he observed a number of handsome women with smiling faces, disposing of small boxes to the new comers, the use of which he learned was to shut up the syneideesis. The boxes opened and shut with a spring, and were as convenient for the purpose as a snuff box. On being offered one, Benvolio, who in pursuance of the advice of the genius, had suspended his syneideesis about his neck, thought that the case might be occasionally useful; but a doubt arising in his mind, he recollected the instruction he had received, and taking the syneideesis

from his bosom looked, as he had been directed by the genius, into the side parainetes. Instead of a beautiful female, he saw standing beside himself, a creature whose body was cased in a hide as impenetrable as the rhinoceros. It had a head resembling a fox's, and though it stood erect, its arms almost touched the ground : the lower part of its figure was that of a man but extremely deformed. Instead of a box it presented a brazen mask, and grinned hideously. Benvolio, putting up his syneideesis, turned upon the monster and would have seized it, but, again apparently a beautiful female, it thrust out its tongue in his face, and eluded his grasp. He now endeavoured to expose the impostors, but none would listen to him, and he continued his journey, meditating on the folly of those who having the means of ascertaining truth, chose to confide in appearances.

The

The plain into which the newcomers entered on passing the bridge soon divided into a number of roads. The travellers took different ways, but were now no longer eager to press forward: they dispersed and settled according to their respective fancies. Benvolio entered into conversation with some of those who were nearest to him, but, little accordant in their opinions and sentiments, he was soon left to pursue his journey alone. He had not proceeded far when a beautiful country opened to his view: hill and dale, wood and water, the verdure of the earth and the varied enclosures of agriculture and gardening combined their charms to feast the eye: elegant mansions and ornamented cottages gratified it wherever it turned, and at one side, at some distance, were seen the spires and turrets of a town. Approaching a handsome ornamented cottage, Benvolio heard

the sounds of musical instruments, and when near enough stopped to listen. It was an exquisite concert. At a pause made by the performers, a handsome youth came from the house, and going up to Benvolio, after enquiring whither he was going, invited him to join the family party. The invitation was accepted with thanks, Benvolio was delighted with the music, and pleased with the interior elegance of the house, but the whole family from the father to the meanest of their attendants, and all their friends, were little better than idiots. To almost every question he put for useful information the constant answer was, "I don't know:" yet in whatever contributed to the gratification of the senses, they appeared to be eminently skilled. It was not only in the combination of sounds, in the execution of harmony that they excelled, whatever could regale the  
palate

palate was prepared in the most luxurious manner; draughts of the most delicious beverages were frequently repeated; and the family seemed possessed of unbounded stores of odoriferous essences, simple and compounded, which were opened and dispersed on every side.

Pleasure was the whole business of the house. After the music, most of the company danced a variety of figure dances, in which the attitudes were far more elegant than modest. A beautiful young girl went up to Benvolio, took him by the hand, and pressing it with an ardour little expected by the knight, from the shortness of their acquaintance, asked him to dance with her. “My sweet girl,” said Benvolio, to whose mind Felicia was ever present, “I should do injustice to the  
“ grace with which you tread the floor.”  
“Eh!” said the damsel, “don’t you  
“ like dancing! I thought every body  
“ liked

“ liked dancing.” And away she glided, hopping on one foot, and beating time with the other to the music. As she left him, her father went and sat by him: on which Benvolio endeavoured to enter into conversation with him. “ Of what extent, sir,” said the knight, “ is the valley of Dokimasia?”—“ I don’t know, sir—Do you like coffee?” was the reply. “ I like coffee very much,” said Benvolio. “ I am glad of it,” said his host, “ for we have some of an excellent quality, which you shall taste presently, and after it such a liqueur!” “ Where do you get your coffee from?” asked the knight. “ From the kitchen,” replied the host. “ I mean,” cried Benvolio, “ where does it grow?”—“ I don’t know:” said the host. “ Pray,” said the knight, “ what is the name of this part of the country?”—“ Aisthéfis.”—“ And the principal town?”—



“Neuron, a charming place, about five  
 “miles from this : you have a peep at it  
 “from the windows.”—“Under what  
 “government is Neuron?”—“I don’t  
 “know.”—“What is the population of  
 “it?”—“I don’t know.”—“Its manu-  
 “factures?”—“Oh ! as to those ; every  
 “thing you can desire for convenience  
 “or pleasure. But they are carried on  
 “by people who come from a neigh-  
 “bouring country called Noufaisthèsis.”  
 —“How far are the confines of Noufaif-  
 “thèsis from Neuron?”—“I don’t  
 “know ; but if you will stay here to-  
 “night, you may be satisfied in that and  
 “every thing else you want to know,  
 “for in the morning I expect a Noufaif-  
 “thésian, and there is hardly any thing  
 “those people cannot give you some ac-  
 “count of.”

“Although Benvolio already began  
 “to feel that pleasure unassociated with  
 mental



mental emanation soon cloyed, the prospect of being introduced to such a character as that given by his host of a Noufaisthésian determined him, and he accordingly accepted his invitation. The music and dancing continued to succeed each other, with intervals of lassitude, during which the company lounged upon their seats and sofas, without any conversation. Benvolio at first attempted to make some of them talk : “ Madam,” said he to a lady who had thrown herself upon a sofa by him, “ it has been said that “ music is introduced amongst men, as “ a kind of enchantment, only to deceive “ and mislead them.” — “ Eh !” said the lady smiling. “ What is your opinion, “ madam ?” — “ I don’t know.” — “ You are fond of music ?” — “ I am “ very fond of it.” — “ Is it studied in “ Aisthéis as a science, or only practised “ as an art ?” — “ I don’t know.” Benvolio,

volio, weary of the perpetual return of, *I don't know*, threw himself back on the sofa in a reclining posture, in despair of a rational answer, while the lady familiarly waving her handkerchief before his face, scented the air around him, with the most fragrant odours. The party, recruited by the promised coffee and liqueurs, which disparaged not their master's praise, resumed the song and the dance, and continued them till the evening repast was announced, on which all the company repaired to the supper room.

If Benvolio was surprised at the magnificence of the decorations and the richness of the sideboard, he was astonished at the complicated variety of the viands and liquors set upon the table. Eating and drinking were now as much attended to as music and dancing had been before. The younger part of the company tasted of every thing, relished every thing, and  
praised.

praised every thing : the palates of the elder part were more difficult ; some had no desire to eat, others touched and rejected many things before they fixed on one, but when fixed devoured voraciously. Benvolio joined to praise what he could not but be sensible was delicious, yet with his praises he intermixed enquiry. In vain ; to enquiry the general answer was, *I don't know*. “ We leave every thing of that kind,” said the host, “ to the Noufaisthésians, who are not only our manufacturers, but our husbandmen, and gardeners. The Aisthésians are most of them above working, and do not stand in need of knowledge.” Saying which he filled a bumper of an exquisite flavoured wine, and his example being followed by all round the table, the company gave a general hurra, swallowed the wine, and concluded with a hearty laugh. The  
bottle

bottle was now pushed about freely, catches and glees were sung, and tolerably lively talk kept up on the pleasures of the table. After some time the company gradually withdrew without ceremony, and Benvolio expressing a wish to retire was conducted to his chamber by an attendant, whom he perceived to be a female of a fine form in a very light dress.

They went through a passage and crossed a hall where there were several doors, one of which the damsel opened, at the same time holding up the taper to a face of dazzling beauty. She smiled significantly, and asked if she should carry the light into the chamber. He wavered an instant, but his syneideeses being at his breast he had recourse to it. At sight of it the attendant hung her head and stood abashed, while Benvolio examined the *sic* Parainetes. And now it was  
that

that he became fully sensible of the value of the gift which he had received from the genius. He saw himself reflected, and with him the beautiful Aisthésian. She appeared to throw her arms around his neck, on which she hung, gradually becoming from the feet upwards a huge snake. As the metamorphosis took place, the creature folded itself about the legs and body of the knight, and the transformation was no sooner completed than his arms and neck appeared twisted in the horrible embrace. His bones were broken and he fell. The monster, secure of its prey, unfolded itself, and began to lick the body all over as it lay, then taking the head into its mouth—"I can bear no more," cried Benvolio, shuddering, and returning his syneideeses into his bosom. He then snatched the light from the hand of the Aisthésian, pushed her from him, and hastening into his chamber,

chamber, shut his door and turned the key.

Recovering the shock he had received from the picture presented by the reflection, he examined his chamber and found it of a piece with the rest of the habitation, adapted to indulgence and to luxury. He sat down on an armed chair, determining to take no other repose than what he obtained there, and to engage the Noufaisthésian in the morning to accompany him to Neuron. Before he composed himself to rest, he recollected the charge of the genius to consult every night the mirror of his syneideeses, which had appeared to him to reflect nothing: he took it out, and now on looking into it found it no longer a vacuum. The praxeis, in its front, completely reflected to him, as strong as reality, every occurrence that had taken place since he passed the bridge by which he had entered,

ed,



ed ; and even the principal reveries of his mind were pictured in the scene. He contemplated with pleasure his rejection of a case for his syneideesis ; his attempt, though unsuccessful, to expose the impostors who sold the cases ; and his conquest over the snake in the form of the beautiful Aisthesian, whom he had just repulsed. Delighted with the view, his thought turned on the giver of this extraordinary talisman ; he blessed in secret the genius of the eminence, and returning his syneideesis into his bosom, reclined upon the chair, and instantly fell into a profound repose.



## CHAP. V.

Aisthesians in the morning.—How the knight got a horse, and rode away upon it.—The adventure of the Iatros's horse.—An Aisthesian custom.

HAVING been careful to avoid excess in the libations of the evening, and having preferred reposing on a chair to clogging the functions of his frame in the luxurious envelopement of down, Benvolio woke early. The morning was fine, and he resolved to stroll into the garden till the time of breakfast. He had now leizure to examine the structure of the building, which as he approached it from the road had the appearance of an ornamented cottage, but which he found

found worthier the name of a palace. Great art had been used to present it exteriorly to the eye as a rustic habitation, but all within was princely. The size and loftiness of the rooms, the magnificence of the furniture, the splendour of the decorations, the paintings in fresco, and the gilded cielings, all contrasted the rural humility assumed without.

The garden was in unison with the interior: smooth walks and enamelled turfs, flowering shrubs, and shady groves, fish ponds and jet d'eaus, fruits and flowers. Benvolio walked over a great part of the garden without seeing any person till he arrived at the place appropriated to the cultivation of the finest fruits for the table. Here he saw several people employed about the trees and vines. He walked towards one of them, who proved to be the head gardener. There was something different in his  
counte-

countenance from what Benvolio had observed in the faces of the family and of the servants, but, though struck with the difference, he could not well distinguish in what it consisted.

Having discovered that he had the superintendence of the garden, he expressed his pleasure in observing the taste with which it was laid out. “It is very much admired, seigneur,” said the gardener, “and it is thought not to be surpassed by any of the gardens of Aisthe-fis.”—“This country then,” said Benvolio, “is celebrated for gardens.” “The lords of the country,” replied he, “go to a great expence in having them laid out and keeping them up.”—“That discovers an elegant and rational taste,” said Benvolio, “for there cannot be a more pure and delightful enjoyment than that afforded by a garden.” The man smiled—“Don’t  
VOL. II. L “you

“ you think so then ? ” added Benvolio.  
 “ I have no reason to be dissatisfied,  
 “ seigneur, and therefore don’t take  
 “ upon me to dispute my employer’s  
 “ pleasure. Seigneur Hédoné never  
 “ comes into the garden, nor do any of  
 “ the family, except it is to show it to  
 “ strangers, and that is their greatest  
 “ pleasure in it. Indeed, I may say, the  
 “ same of almost all the rich Aisthesians:  
 “ the poorer sort are fonder of garden-  
 “ ing, and hire themselves to work in the  
 “ gardens of the rich for the satisfaction  
 “ they have in being in them.”—  
 “ What,” said Benvolio, “ is the reason  
 “ of this ? ”—“ Because it is a pleasure  
 “ within their reach, seigneur,” replied  
 the gardener, “ and a pleasure for which  
 “ they do not pay but are paid.”—  
 “ And do they work hard ? ”—“ It is a  
 “ part of their agreement that they do  
 “ not work hard, and it is therefore  
 “ lucky

“ lucky that the foil does not require  
“ great labour.”—“ That is an extra-  
“ ordinary kind of agreement.”—“ It  
“ is, seigneur, but as the whole race are  
“ indolent by nature, no assistance could  
“ be obtained from them without indul-  
“ gences, such as never enter the head of  
“ my countrymen, and which they would  
“ be ashamed to require.”

Benvolio, who in talking with the gardener had not once heard the *I don't know* with which he had been so molested the evening before by Hédoné's family, and who now began to discover that the difference he perceived in this man's countenance proceeded from the emanations of intellect, suspected that he was a Noufaisthesian : a suspicion which enquiry soon confirmed. Being, however, of a lower order his education had been almost confined to his business ; yet, naturally intelligent, he informed Benvolio of many

L 2

things

things respecting which he could not get even an answer from an Aisthesian. Pleased at the discovery, Benvolio engaged the gardener to walk round the garden with him, and spent a pleasant morning in viewing the delightful scenery of the country that was continually presenting itself through the numerous openings of the walks, in examining flowers and fruits hitherto unknown to him, and in discoursing with the Noufaisthesian on the subjects to which his education had fitted him.

Returning to the house at the time he supposed the family would be going to breakfast, he was surprized to find no creature stirring. He spent an hour walking from room to room admiring the exquisite paintings which adorned the walls, and then looked about for some animated being. None appeared, and he continued his survey of the pictures  
some

some time longer, till having gone twice over all the subjects, his attention was exhausted, and he stood in the middle of a large hall, alive only to the impressions of the magnificence and spaciousness of the apartment and the dead silence that reigned around him. He began to think himself in an enchanted palace, when he was brought to his recollection by the entrance of a domestic whom he had seen the evening before, and who came to offer him coffee and other refreshments. He now found that it was not a custom of the family to assemble at breakfast, which was taken by all in their different chambers, and by many in bed.

He likewise heard that the Iatros, or doctor was come, and was in the room where the servant had put the refreshments. Benvolio suspecting the Iatros to be the Noufaisthesian of whom Hédoné had spoken the evening before, was eager



to join him, and immediately followed the servant to the room in which he was. They soon entered into conversation, and the knight found the Iatros as communicative as he could wish. Benvolio having said how long he had left his chamber, and expressed his surprise that the family did not assemble in the morning :  
“ Seigneur,” said the Iatros, “ you  
“ must be very lately arrived in Aisthesis  
“ to be surprised at what is so common.  
“ The life led by the Aisthesians is com-  
“ pletely sensual ; they become in conse-  
“ quence so early debilitated that there  
“ is scarcely a house in which the pro-  
“ fessional attendance of an Iatros is not  
“ daily required to prepare their persons  
“ for the action of excitements which  
“ of themselves would be over powerful  
“ if applied to my more rational coun-  
“ trymen. I am now going round this  
“ mansion, or *ferme ornée* if you like to  
“ adopt

“ adopt an unintelligible dialect, and I  
 “ shall find the inhabitants of it in  
 “ their different stages of corporeal  
 “ disorganization, from the idiotic de-  
 “ bility of the more advanced in  
 “ years (for they are none of them  
 “ old) to the languors and flutterings  
 “ of the young.”—“ Were it not inde-  
 “ corous,” said Benvolio, “ I could  
 “ wish to accompany you.”—“ You  
 “ may gratify your wish,” replied the  
 Iatros, “ without the slightest breach of  
 “ decorum. The Aisthesians are not  
 “ celebrated for delicacy, and it is a  
 “ very usual thing, nay a compliment,  
 “ to visit them in their dressing rooms.”

Pleased at this intelligence, Benvolio  
 speedily dispatched his breakfast and at-  
 tended his new acquaintance. Ascend-  
 ing a wide staircase, the steps of which  
 rose very little in height, they came into a  
 spacious gallery which led to various

apartments. Groans issued from the first room they approached, and screams were heard from a chamber at the farther end of the gallery.

On entering that whence the groans proceeded, Benvolio saw the father of the family himself, seigneur Hédoné, enveloped in a silk gown, with an elegant cap on his head, stretched on a magnificent sofa, writhing with pain, and bemoaning himself in a strain at once pitiable and contemptible. “ Oh ! my  
“ dear Philochrematos,” cried he, on seeing the Iatros, “ I am rejoiced you  
“ are come : give me ease, give me ease.”  
“ What kind of a night have you had ?” said Philochrematos. “ I slept a little  
“ on going to bed, but as usual woke  
“ towards the morning in pain, which  
“ has been encreasing ever since in my  
“ stomach and belly : oh ! oh !” — “ How  
“ did the elixir operate !” — Hédoné answered

swered at once by words and deed. “ I  
 “ have discharged a great deal of wind,”  
 said he, with a thundering eructation :  
 “ but—but nothing relieves me without  
 “ that blessed pill which you bring.  
 “ Give it me, give it me.” Philochre-  
 motos took from his pocket a handsome  
 box, which on being opened Benvolio  
 perceived to be well stored with little  
 golden balls of various sizes. One of  
 the largest the Iatros presented to the suf-  
 fering Hédoné, who blessed him as he  
 eagerly swallowed it.

Leaving him to the benign influence  
 of this magic pill, Benvolio followed the  
 Iatros to the dressing room of the lady  
 of the house, whom they found in a rich  
 morning attire, seated on an easy chair,  
 surrounded by her maids, rubbing her  
 temples, and burning feathers under her  
 nose. In a few minutes she fetched a  
 deep sigh and opened her eyes, in which,  
 however, there was not a spark of intel-  
 ligence.

ligence. Her whole countenance was idiotic, and her spittle dribbled from the corners of her mouth. She swallowed one of Philochrematos's largest pills, and was left to its operation.

The next room in the gallery belonged to one of the young ladies of the family. Here the scene improved a little: the damsel neither suffered the tortures of her father, nor lay enchained by the stupor of her mother. She was still at the breakfast table with her sister and one of their companions who was on a visit to them. Benvolio and the Iatros were kindly received, and coffee, poured out by an attendant, was offered to them. Heavy eyes, a drawling speech, and yawning, proclaimed the inanimate state of the fallow trio. Upon being questioned by Philochrematos not one of them could tell what was the matter with her. "I really don't know what ails me, but I feel so odd"—was the general

general answer. However, before the Iatros left them, the oldest had violent palpitations of the heart, her sister complained of a lump in her throat, and their friend had shivering fits. Philochrematos put his fingers to the wrist of each, and administered one of the smallest gilded pills to two of the ladies ; but as he took the hand of the younger sister she fell back upon her seat and burst into a shower of tears, then called herself a fool and laughed, and this she continued to do for some time, till by repeated applications of strong scents she recovered a degree of stillness, begged pardon, and took her pill.

With the chambers of the visitors the Iatros had no concern, he passed on therefore, followed by Benvolio, to the elder son's room. He was lounging on a sofa in a morning gown, his stockings loose and hanging about his slippers. He

rose staggering, and thanked Benvolio for visiting him. His aspect was melancholy, the very reverse of what his visitor had seen it the evening before and scarcely recognizable. "You are very good," said he to him, "to come and see a suffering invalid. I dare say Philochrematos, though he flatters me, has told you that I cannot live long." Benvolio protested that he had not. "Psha!" replied the Aisthesian testily, "every body combines with him to persuade me that I am in no danger, when I am certain I have not long to live." In saying this he shed tears, and put out his hand to the Iatros, who felt his pulse, and said he was low, and gave him a middle sized pill.

Philochrematos had now but one more visit to make, and that was to the stripling who had gone out the evening before to meet Benvolio, and invite him  
into



into the house. He was at his glass, giving the last adjustment to his frill :  
 “ Seigneur Benvolio,” said he gaily as the visitors entered, “ I am glad to see  
 “ you ; I was making haste here to  
 “ come and rouse you, and to laugh  
 “ at you, my good friend——I saw  
 “ who lighted you to your cham-  
 “ ber.” Benvolio shuddered at the recollection. The youth then told Philochrematos that he had had dreadful night sweats, and horrible dreams. “ If  
 “ you would get rid of them,” said Philochrematos, “ you must use more  
 “ exercise abroad, and indulge your ap-  
 “ petites less.”——“ Oh you wretch !” replied the patient gaily, “ you know I  
 “ can’t. Come, give me a pill.” The box was produced and the young gentleman swallowed present comfort and future poison ; for it was a known property of the medicine administered, to increase debi-

debility when it ceased to operate. The Iatros rallied him on his propensities as they quitted his apartments, the former proceeding in his visits to the domestics of the family, and the latter taking Benvolio away to the stables to look at his horses.

Among these there was a beautiful, spirited creature, which no Aisthesian would dare to back. In showing him and boasting of his beauty and fire, the stripling defied Benvolio to mount him, declaring that if he rode him round the court the animal should be his. The knight desired he might be saddled and led out. It was with difficulty the desire was complied with, the noble creature viewed the grooms with impatient disdain, drew up his neck, rolled his eye, and moved from side to side. When at length the matter was accomplished, the proud steed was led forth snorting, and  
stood

stood in the court pawing the ground. The young Aisthesians's defiance now yielded to timidity and apprehension for his guest, whom he kindly cautioned not to hazard the attempt. Benvolio accustomed to spirited animals, smiled courteously at the youth's dissuasion, but gave him no time to repeat it, for he suddenly sprung into the saddle before the horse had discerned who was to mount him. No sooner, however, did the fiery creature feel himself bestrode than he sprang forward with a bound which must have unhorsed an ordinary rider, and even a less accomplished knight. The gate of the court being wide open, Benvolio spurred him through it, and in a moment was out of sight. Alarmed for the life of the stranger, the young Aisthesian ran into the house for the Iatros, whom he met coming down the stairs.

Philochrematos was not altogether  
so

so much alarmed as the youth, for he had himself been accustomed to spirited horses and spirited riders, but he hastened with him and several attendants to the road, to see the issue of the adventure. It was not long before they observed the knight on his return riding gently towards them. Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the Aisthesians, and the master of the animal could not refrain from wishing that it had been he who had mounted him. “Wishing,” said Philochrematos, “was never a very successful expedient.”—“What other,” replied the youth, “should I take?”—“Brace your nerves.”—“That you must do for me.”—“Nay, you must do it for yourself.”—“How?”—“Rise early, take exercise, relinquish pleasure.”—“I can’t:—you wretch, you know I can’t.”—“Then despair of ever mounting this horse of yours.”—

“He

“ He is no longer mine,” said the youth, “ he is forfeited by my word to “ the noble knight who has conquered “ him.”

By this time Benvolio was approaching. The Aisthesians received him with acclamations, and Philochrematos gave him joy of his prize. The Knight returned a courteous salute to the praises bestowed upon him, but protested against taking advantage of the hasty declaration of the master of the noble animal. However, being eagerly pressed to accept him, and considering how useless the horse was in his present situation, he yielded, and having thanked the young Aisthesian for the hospitality he had received, he took his leave with the Iatros, whom he accompanied to the city of Neuron.

On their way their discourse naturally turned upon the family they had left, and

on the country in which they were travelling. "I could not but observe," said Benvolio, "that no person in the house  
"wore a syneideeses. I presume they  
"are safely cased, and locked up for  
"periodical examination."—"You are  
"mistaken," replied Philochrematos, whose syneideeses hung out fastened to a clasp on his breast, "they are very rare  
"things in Aisthesia. It is generally  
"taken for granted that every one examines his own in private, but the  
"fact is, that though some are kept in  
"cases, which are never examined,  
"many have none at all, having thrown  
"them away to save a great deal of pain  
"and trouble, and this is the predicament of Hédoné and his family."—"It is wonderful," said the Knight, "that men should be so blind to their  
"own interest and real welfare as to cast  
"aside an instrument, attention to which  
"would

“ would be of such unspeakable importance to their happiness.”—“ That’s the question,” replied Philochrematos, “ the Aisthesians are sensible that it mars all their enjoyments, and they cannot understand to what purpose the frightful metamorphoses reflected by it can tend. And, indeed, I must say, though I am a Noufaisthesian and consequently not permitted to be without one, that it is so fallacious in some things it is not unreasonable to doubt it in all.”

Benvolio was startled at this declaration.

“ Since my residence at Neuron,” continued the Iatros, “ I have seldom troubled its qualities, for it so interfered with my professional avocations that I never should have been able to make any progress.”—“ And are you not

“ apprehensive,” said Benvolio, “ of being seized by one of the giants of Dokimasia, or hurried by some mon-

“ ster



“ster into the dominions of the demon  
 “of darkness? Have you no thought of  
 “ever going beyond this valley?”—  
 “Never,” replied the Iatros smiling,  
 “unless I were called to a patient. Did  
 “you ever see any of the giants and  
 “monsters you talk of?” As he spoke  
 his horse stumbled; Philochrematos was  
 dismounted, and stood gazing stupidly at  
 the beast, which, recovering itself, sat  
 back upon its haunches, from which pos-  
 ture it rose on two legs a gigantic mon-  
 ster of hideous shape. It was about to  
 seize the devoted Iatros, when the Knight  
 drew his invincible sabre, whose brightness  
 dazzled the monster and made him re-  
 coil; but in an instant he rushed towards  
 the Knight, whom he must have over-  
 powered by his weight, had not his noble  
 steed darted aside. The force intended  
 by the monster to overturn Benvolio pre-  
 cipitated himself upon the ground where  
 he

he lay prone. The Knight raised his arm to strike his head off, but while his sabre yet glittered in the air, the hideous object vanished, and in its stead he saw again the horse, standing quietly to be mounted by the Iatros. “And will you mount him after what you have just seen?” exclaimed Benvolio. “It is the first time he has ever stumbled with me;” replied Philochrematos, “but he shall pay for it.” So saying he mounted, and without thanking the Knight who had saved him, or giving him time to say a word in return, he set out on a gallop, whipping and spurring the beast without mercy.

Benvolio, shocked at what he had seen, had no inclination to attempt keeping up with the Iatros; he gently drew in the curb of his bridle, and the obedient animal, prancing playfully, seemed eager to pursue, yet proud of conquering the impulse.

impulse. The Knight was soon in the fine entrance of the city of Neuron. The broad road ran between correspondent meadows, on whose edges were double rows of lofty trees, beneath which at certain distances were convenient seats and alcoves. The meadows and the alleys were full of company taking the air in easy carriages, and some few were on horseback. It was a superb scene of life and gaiety.

Continuing his tract towards the town he saw a cavalcade coming towards him, one of whom appeared to be a person of superior rank, who was in seemingly earnest conversation with a horseman, whom Benvolio presently perceived to be his acquaintance the Iatros, who it seems was Iatros to the Prince of Aisthesia. The Prince was a slim, genteel, effeminate youth. He rode up to the stranger, and accosting him with a smile, “Worthy  
“Knight,”

“ Knight,” said he, “ welcome to the  
 “ capital of Aisthesia, you will find it a  
 “ spot well suited to relaxation from the  
 “ severer duties of knighthood. I in-  
 “ vite you to my father’s court, where I  
 “ trust your time will be pleasantly  
 “ spent. My Iatros has been relating to  
 “ me the dexterity and skill which ob-  
 “ tained you the noble creature you ride.  
 “ I congratulate you on the possession of  
 “ him. He was unfit for young Hédoné,  
 “ from whom I once thought of accept-  
 “ ing him for my own riding : Ey?—It  
 “ is a royal creature,—Ey?—It should  
 “ have a royal master, Ey?” The  
 Knight stared and bowed, acknowledged  
 the honour of his highness’s notice,  
 but understood not the interrogatory,  
*Ey*, and made no offer of his horse,  
 who stood proudly pawing while the  
 Prince spoke. The heir of Aisthesia  
 smiled, the Knight joined his suite, and  
 after

after a little curvetting about the meadows the whole cavalcade returned to Neuron.

Benvolio, who had not forgotten his adventure with the monster which Philochrematos rode, and the danger from which he had saved his companion, took an opportunity on the way to express his surprise that the Iatros would continue to ride a creature which was so evidently watching for a convenient occasion to destroy him. "What do you mean?" said Philochrematos, "it was an accidental slip."—"And is it possible," cried Benvolio, "that you have forgotten the hideous transformation that took place, and the perilous state from which I saved you?" The Iatros stared with astonishment at the Knight, as if he doubted whether he were in his senses. "Let me," continued the latter, "beseech you to look into the  
" praxeis

“praxeis of your syneideesis to-night—” Philochrematos burst into a laugh, and the Prince at that moment repeating an interesting remark which he always made, in returning towards Neuron, on the beauty of its scite, Benvolio was prevented from convincing the Iatros of his escape from a demon, and the subject was never after renewed.

Benvolio by order of the Prince was conducted to a suite of beautiful apartments, where he found attendants and every thing that could gratify the senses. Many compliments passed between the principal personages of the court and the knight, who had the honour of dining that day at the Prince’s table. To describe the dinner, the conveniences, the manners that reigned, were to paint sumptuousness itself, luxury and voluptuousness. Suffice it to say, pleasure was the idol of Neuron; the people worship-

ped her in a variety of elegant temples adorned with Corinthian and composite columns; and the court sacrificed profusely to her, both privately and publicly.

After a day of festivity Benvolio retired to his chamber where he prepared for the repose of the night by examining his syneideeses. The sicle praxeis presented him a perspective view of the occurrences he had already seen reflected by it, but they no longer held the foreground, which was now occupied by his victory over the monster that would have destroyed the Iatros. The sicle parainetes, as at first, reflected only his own image; he had retired from the licentiousness of the day uncorrupted, and stood in no immediate danger. He felt grateful to the genius, went to rest, and slept sweetly.

Benvolio's first thoughts in the morning



ing turned upon his steed, and as soon as he had dressed himself, he went to see him. What was his surprise to find him just led out of the stable superbly caparisoned. "What means this?" cried the astonished knight; "whose trappings are these? and what are you that hold the bridle?"—"Seigneur," said a courtier advancing to Benvolio, "I am sent by his Highness the Prince of Aisthéris to enquire how your knightship slept, and to give you the pleasure of knowing that his Highness condescends to accept the horse."—"To accept the horse!" exclaimed the indignant knight, "to accept what never was offered to him!"—"Seigneur," replied the Prince's messenger, "you appear to be unacquainted with the customs of Aisthéris. His Highness's acceptance of any thing is accounted so high an honour, that it is

M 2

"hardly

“ hardly considered as necessary to announce his intention.” So saying, he bade the youth who held the bridle, go on. Benvolio, enraged beyond the power of utterance, flew to his chamber for his invincible sabre, resolved to perish sooner than submit to so shameful a robbery.

Never had the knight’s bosom before been so inflamed by passion ; it was with difficulty he ascended the steps of the apartments, he reeled with excess of agitation and turned into a wrong wing of the building, where he wandered some time before he regained the room in which he had deposited his trusty weapon. He seized it hastily, drew it, and, striking his bosom with the hand in which he held it, was about to make a rash vow of vengeance, when he felt the handle strike his syneideeses. Fearful of having injured that precious talisman, he opened his bosom to examine it. It was unhurt,  
but

but when he looked at the side parainetes, he was surprised and shocked at the scene it represented. He clearly beheld two figures of himself; one, naked, unarmed, gentle, patient; the other, accoutred as he himself then was, with the formidable sabre in his hand inflicting the most dreadful wounds upon his defenceless counterpart, whose blood issued in streams, whose flesh was hewn peace-meal from his bones, by the merciless hand of the furious Benvolio. At length he fell, weltering in his blood. The knight shuddered at a deed in which he saw himself at once the cruel actor and the injured sufferer: he groaned aloud, unable to endure the sight, and sunk into a seat as he returned the syneideeses into his bosom, exclaiming; “Such, such  
“are the self-immolators to the most  
“terrible, the most imprudent of the

“passions!” Warned by the faithful monitor in his bosom, Benvolio sheathed his sabre; resolving to forego a resentment of which the effects would be felt only by himself.

He sat a long time absorbed in meditation on arbitrary power, and more than once, in the spirit of knighthood, had thoughts of challenging the Prince to a trial of arms, which the recollection of the parainetes smothered in their birth. He was still buried in contemplation when his door flew open, and in a moment his room was filled with Aisthesian guards. He instinctively grasped his sabre, but proceeded no farther. He was surrounded, and an awful silence was kept. When the Aisthesians had ranged themselves in order, an effeminate stripping in rich and gaudy uniform advanced, and thus addressed the knight. “Know,  
“Seigneur,

“ Seigneur, that you are a prisoner : the  
 “ length of your confinement and the  
 “ mode of your release depend upon a cir-  
 “ cumstance which I am not at liberty to  
 “ reveal. If you conduct yourself courte-  
 “ ously, these apartments are to be your  
 “ prison, and while they serve as such, I  
 “ am charged with the keeping of your  
 “ arms.” Benvolio, without reply, de-  
 livered his sword into the hands of  
 this fair commander, and the guard  
 filed off, leaving only twelve men in  
 an outer room to guard the passages of  
 the apartment.

Left to himself the knight meditated on  
 the event that had just taken place,  
 which he vainly endeavoured to account  
 for. Why a prisoner ? He had robbed  
 no one : on the contrary he had himself  
 been robbed. Was cruelty the necessary  
 attendant upon injustice among princes ?  
 What was meant by the length of his

confinement and the mode of his release depending upon a circumstance of which he was to be kept in ignorance? To an ingenuous mind mystery is always painful; Benvolio would have been better satisfied to have encountered at once the full extent of the despotism of the court of Aisthesis. He was not, however, doomed to remain very long in suspense. That very evening he received a message from his acquaintance Philochrematos, who had interest with the officer of the guard, desiring him not to be uneasy, as the Prince was not in the slightest danger of his life, but would certainly be perfectly well again in a short time. This message, indeed, served only to increase the mystery into which he had been plunged; but early next day he was saluted with the sound of a herald's trumpet in the court, and soon after his door opened, and in came the officer of the guard accompanied

accompanied by Philochrematos. “Wor-  
 thy knight,” said the youth, “You are  
 at liberty, and I have it in command  
 to announce to you that his Highness  
 the Prince of Aisthesis holds you in  
 high consideration, although he deems  
 it right, for strong reasons, to decline  
 accepting the gift you intended him.  
 He has illustriously declared that none  
 is so worthy of the beautiful and spirit-  
 ed steed as yourself, and he has sent  
 him back to be at your command. I  
 am farther ordered to signify to you  
 that his Highness expects the pleasure  
 of seeing you mounted the next eque-  
 trian day in the Wood of Delight.”

Benvolio bowed, and requested that his  
 Highness might be informed, that he  
 submitted with due respect to his High-  
 ness’s determination of declining the  
 steed, and that he should avail himself of  
 his Highness’s condescension to have the  
 honour of appearing in the Wood of



Delight. The officer promised that this answer should be conveyed to the Prince, and withdrew, leaving the knight and the Iatros together and alone.

“ I congratulate you, Seigneur,” said Philochrematos, “ on the issue of this  
“ affair.”—“ I thank you,” said Benvolio, “ but what can all this mean ?”—  
“ In two words,” replied the Iatros, “ you have happily escaped from the  
“ antipneumatic plaister.”—“ And pray,” inquired the knight, “ what kind of  
“ a plaister is that ? ———“ A royal  
“ one,” replied the Iatros, “ for stopping  
“ the breath of those who are deemed  
“ unworthy of breathing. It is fixed  
“ closely over the nostrils and mouth of  
“ a person devoted, and sticks as close  
“ to the skin, as the skin does to the  
“ flesh : you may divine the result.”—  
“ This,” said Benvolio, “ may be a  
“ royal mode of suffocation in Aisthesis,  
“ but it is a most inglorious device against  
“ knight-

“kighthood.”—“And you may add,”  
 said Philochrematos, “as cruel as in-  
 “glorious.”—“I am still in the dark,”  
 continued Benvolio, “as to the cause  
 “by which I was brought into this jeo-  
 “pardy.”—“You must know,” said  
 the Iatros, “that the life of a prince is  
 “so highly rated, and so guarded, in  
 “Aisthesis, that it is not thought  
 “enough to punish all voluntary attacks  
 “upon it, but the remotest causes, animate,  
 “or inanimate, however innocent, are  
 “condemned to destruction. The latter  
 “are consumed in fire, the former re-  
 “ceive the antipneumatic plaister. Now,  
 “when the Prince did you the honour  
 “to accept your horse, he imagined,  
 “princes are sometimes apt to imagine  
 “that they can do any thing they wish,  
 “that he could ride him, as he saw the  
 “creature gentle under you: and had  
 “he before believed it possible to tame  
 M. 6                      “him,

“ him, he would have accepted him  
 “ some time ago from young Hedôné.  
 “ But as he prides himself in riding well,  
 “ he could not bear to have a horse in  
 “ his stable which he dared not mount.  
 “ Trusting now to the apparent gentle-  
 “ ness of the animal, he thought proper  
 “ to have him, and yesterday on its  
 “ being brought to him from you, he  
 “ boldly in the presence of his attendants  
 “ endeavoured to back him: but the  
 “ horse shook him off as he made the  
 “ attempt, and the Prince fell in such a  
 “ manner as to stun himself and dislocate  
 “ his shoulder. It was immediately  
 “ spread about that he was dead. The  
 “ horse was secured, and a guard order-  
 “ ed to march and seize you. Before  
 “ this order was executed he recovered  
 “ his senses; I was with him, and as I  
 “ believed him in no great danger, I  
 “ spoke to my friend the officer, and  
 “ urged

“ urged him to confine you in your  
 “ apartments. Had the Prince died,  
 “ both you and your horse would have  
 “ been condemned as unworthy of  
 “ breathing, and both would have had  
 “ the antipneumatic plaister applied.  
 “ This, then, was the cause of your  
 “ jeopardy.”

While the knight thanked Philochrematos for the good office he had rendered him, he reprobated the injustice and despotism of the custom, and declared it would be a good cause for the Noufaisthians to extirpate the whole nation of Aisthesis. The Iatros undertook to defend the custom some other time, but he was now going to the Prince, and must necessarily be punctual. He then took his leave, putting the knight in mind, as he went, of his rendezvous for the Wood of Delight, which Benvolio promised not to forget. After the Iatros

was

was gone, the knight stood some minutes absorbed in thought, which he concluded with this reflection; “ I was about to  
“ knock my head against a wall through  
“ resentment to the Prince—fine re-  
“ venge! I conquered my passion, and  
“ immediately my revenge is taken for  
“ me without my interference: the  
“ Prince is stunned and dislocated into  
“ common sense and justice, and my  
“ horse is restored.” So saying, he confessed that the genius managed resentment best, and went down to welcome the noble creature, who knew his master as he approached, and neighed a salute.

## CHAP. VI.

The nature of fashion and taste in Aisthesis.—The office of Suggerer.—The Knight takes a view of the capital. A school of Science. A painter's antichamber.

THE Prince's fall, which had like to have proved fatal to Benvolio, like other things that run into contrary extremes, was not only the cause of his horse being restored to him, but of the Prince's peculiar favour, and thence of the general estimation; for in Aisthesis, as in most other despotic monarchies, the smile of royalty was the measure of merit. Benvolio failed not to be in the Wood of Delight on the day appointed. He entered with a Noufaithesian who had been introduced to him by his friend Philochrematos,

chrematos, previous to the time of the Prince's appearing there.

The whole court of Neuron, and the chief persons of the city, were upon the ground, mounted on superbly caparisoned horses, or lolling in rich easy carriages, of which there were only three varieties of form and ornament. As this struck the eye of the knight, he remarked it to the Noufaisthesian, and asked the reason of it. "Seigneur," replied Krites, for that was the name of his companion, "I know not whether you have observed it, but it is not only in their carriages that this three-fold variety prevails, it is so with every thing that is the subject of taste. In this country the people have no fancy of their own: it is a kind of intellectual exertion to which they are not equal. It is easier to follow than to lead. It has long been an established law that the Prince



“ shall be entitled to set the example  
“ in all affairs of taste, and at one time  
“ a tiresome uniformity of ridiculous  
“ incongruities prevailed, till the Princes  
“ of Aisthesis wisely adopted the mea-  
“ sure of employing a Noufaisthesian  
“ *Suggester*, whose office consists in disco-  
“ vering the Prince’s fancies and display-  
“ ing them to advantage. On his being  
“ appointed, he attempted to discover  
“ that the Prince left all matters of taste  
“ open to the lead of every one whose  
“ fancy was sufficiently striking to obtain  
“ followers: but the suggester had nearly  
“ lost his place for this pretended dis-  
“ covery, which his employer denied to  
“ have ever entered his mind. How-  
“ ever, upon showing that there was no  
“ danger of many leaders, and that vari-  
“ ety was desirable, he was permitted to  
“ select two Aisthesians, and two only,  
“ of different sexes, to set fashions under  
“ his

“ his direction. At first there was some  
“ difficulty to find any to follow the new  
“ leaders, but the Prince, himself en-  
“ couraging it, in the progress of time  
“ the people of quality divided into  
“ three modes of taste, though the far  
“ greater part adhered to the Prince’s.  
“ Merely as Prince however, for in fact,  
“ though they differ in fashion, they  
“ are all puppets in one hand ; it being a  
“ point agreed upon with the selected  
“ leaders that the Prince’s suggester is  
“ to be theirs also.”—“ Suggester !”  
muttered Benvolio. “ You seem sur-  
“ prised at such an office,” said Krites ;  
“ but before you are long in Neuron  
“ you will acknowledge the policy of it.”  
—“ But why not a dozen leaders li-  
“ censed ?” asked Benvolio. The Nou-  
faisthesian smiled. “ If the principle,”  
he replied, “ were understood, there is  
“ no reason why there should not be a  
“ hundred,

“ hundred ; but though it is evident to  
 “ common sense that all the merit of  
 “ fancy lies in the suggester, such a  
 “ master is he of his art, that the leaders  
 “ privately flatter themselves that the  
 “ taste they spread really flows from  
 “ themselves. Even the Prince who be-  
 “ lieves himself, by the art of his sug-  
 “ gester, to be the sole fountain of  
 “ fashion, is not well pleased to divide  
 “ the appearance of it, and were it not  
 “ for the obvious loss of pleasure conse-  
 “ quent on a dull uniformity, so far  
 “ from extending the privilege, the  
 “ old law would assuredly be en-  
 “ forced.”

As Krites said this, the Prince on horse-  
 back with his retinue entered the Wood  
 of Delight, and the knight and his com-  
 panion being near the entrance immedi-  
 ately caught his eye, and he rode up to  
 them, and accosting Benvolio assured  
 him

him that he was well pleased to see so accomplished a knight at the court of Neuron, the pleasures of which he hoped would induce him to make a long stay. Benvolio expressed his sense of the Prince's condescension in the most graceful manner, and joined his train, who all vied in eagerness to show respect and honour to one so courteously distinguished by a prince. They one and all expressed their wonder at the gentleness of the celebrated steed, and at the ease with which his rider managed him. These expressions of wonder were, however, carefully concealed from the Prince; though the caution should seem unnecessary to one who had displayed such magnanimity in the restoration of the horse. It was no doubt owing solely to the force of habit among the courtiers of Neuron. Be this as it may, after an hour's parade over a flowery turf, the

Prince

Prince left the Wood of Delight, which was soon clear of all the company, who, finding no inducement to remain there after the departure of the Prince, hastened elsewhere in quest of pleasure.

Benvolio having intimated to Krites his desire of taking a closer view of Neuron and its inhabitants, an appointment was made to meet at the house of the latter, as soon as Benvolio had laid aside the equipment of knighthood, and assumed the apparel of an Aisthesian, for the greater convenience of executing his design. The fashionable tailors of Neuron, who were all foreigners, piqued themselves upon the expedition, as well as on the elegance of their work, the knight was therefore externally soon metamorphosed, and ready to go, on even terms, through the town, and into company. The first thing that struck Benvolio as he strolled over the town with

Krites

Krites were streamlets of odorous water that flowed through the streets, at once cleansing, cooling, and perfuming every quarter of it. The inhabitants were at an enormous expence to conduct this water by magnificent aqueducts from a hill at a considerable distance which was famous for being covered with fine aromatic herbs, with the fragrance of which the stream was impregnated by nature, considerably increased by art; there being a number of settlers on the mountain employed in collecting and pressing these herbs.

Nothing could exceed the beauty and elegance of the houses, porticoes, arcades, and temples that presented themselves to the view: the exterior every where offered convenience and gratification, while in the interior of the habitations reigned luxury and licentiousness. Benvolio observing parties following one after the  
other

other through a portico into a large building, enquired of his companion the nature of the amusement they were going to. "Let us join the throng and see," said Krites, "you have probably given it its proper appellation, but it is commonly denominated a school of science. The building is divided into several apartments, containing a library and a variety of apparatus to aid the communication of knowledge. But, though there are lectures on different branches of knowledge twice a day, you will find the school of science nothing more than a promenade of idle people who come to see and be seen; let us try." Saying which, being privileged to take a friend, he conducted Benvolio to the portico, and they entered.

They followed the train immediately to the lecture-room, which they found almost



almost full. It was a spacious apartment formed by circular seats into a kind of amphitheatre, leaving just room enough on one side for a table and a lecturer. The subject was the elements of all things. It was ingeniously handled, and the lecturer took much pains, both by reasoning and experiment, to impress it upon his audience, who to do them justice preserved due decorum and silence. Indeed the experiments were calculated to amuse as well as instruct.

On leaving the lecture-room Benvolio observed to Krites that the Aisthesian quality could not be a frivolous race if they understood and enjoyed what they had heard, which by their attention they seemed to do. "And many of them," replied Krites, "do absolutely persuade themselves that they partly understand, and completely enjoy this lecture. There

“ There is a catch-word in almost every  
 “ thing, which, united with the sway of  
 “ fashion, is very powerful. The word  
 “ *Nature* is a kind of spell, and to attend  
 “ to abstruse subjects, without know-  
 “ ing any thing about them, is the pre-  
 “ sent rage at Neuron.” As he said  
 this, Krites was met by a party of his  
 acquaintance — “ Who would have  
 “ thought,” said a damsel, “ that—”  
 she made a pause — “ that what? my  
 “ love,” replied Krites. “ I forgot  
 “ what I was going to say ;” cried the  
 young lady with a simper, and walked  
 on with her company. Her brother, who  
 was following, stopped, and, bowing to  
 Benvolio, assured him that his horse and  
 himself were the admiration and talk of  
 all Neuron. The knight would have  
 frowned at the compliment, had he not  
 thought the complimenter too insignifi-  
 cant : taking no notice of it therefore he  
 VOL. II. N asked

asked the youth how he liked the lecture he had just heard. "Oh! very fine;" replied he, "but all about Nature is so attractive, the occult science particularly is so wonderfully adventitious"—"Adventitious!" exclaimed Benvolio. "My friend is very right;" said Krites; "so far at least that it was foreign to this evening's lecture."—"Exactly so": replied the young Aisthesian. "Shall we have the honour of seeing you at the play, seigneur?" continued he, addressing Benvolio: "it is a fashionable night, and all Neuron will be there." Benvolio bowed, the youth bowed, and walked on.

Krites then led his friend through the apartments, which were every where furnished with the instruments of science. These were surrounded by groups of Aisthesians, and were shown to them like wild beasts, by keepers who were Noufaisthesians. The account of them was given

briefly, yet the enquirers always run from one to another in the middle of it. There were large tables in all the rooms, on which were deposited satires, lampoons, and accounts of what was passing in Neuron. Round these tables the company crowded; some reading, some listening, some talking, but nothing long, and parties succeeded one another expeditiously, catching their transient pleasures, and gliding off for new ones. The company having walked from room to room, soon went away, and left Ben-volio and his friend alone with the persons employed to take care of the place: and it evidently appeared that for the generality the establishment was mere parade, there being only a few Nouvais-thians settled at Neuron who entered into the spirit of it, and profited by the advantages it afforded.

From this school of science, Krites led his friend to pay, as was fashionable, a morning visit to a painter, who had lately settled at Neuron, and whose pieces had obtained him a great many patrons and patronesses. “Is he so accurate, then, in his resemblances?” asked Benvolio. “It never struck me that he was,” replied Krites; “he gives more attention to high finishing. I fancy he owes more to the *freedom* of his style than to any thing else.”—“There is merit in a bold pencil,” said Benvolio. “Perhaps you will think the species of boldness into which this artist has given,” replied Krites, “merits a halter rather than a wreath.”

Benvolio was soon convinced of this, on following an Aisthesian family into the painter’s antichamber, where he found himself in the midst of naked figures,  
male

male and female. Benvolio's blood, which was not apt to fly irregularly from his heart, rushed into his face, and he knew not how to meet the looks of the ladies with whom he had entered. He looked to the ground, then to the ceiling, pinched the arm of his companion, and after a while ventured to give an enquiring peep through the corner of his eye at the company. The company, without exception, were engaged in examining the surrounding pictures ; how naturally the skin was painted, how beautifully turned the limbs, how admirably every muscle was detected in their operation in the various attitudes, the attitudes how expressive of the emotion intended to be displayed. " And is it possible," said Benvolio, in a whisper to Krites, " that a woman can behold such sights, and not sink into the earth ?"—" Seignur," replied Krites, " you are in



“ Aisthesis ; in Neuron, the capital of  
 “ Aisthesis.”

“ Krites !” said a young lady, who  
 “ had been gradually drawing back to  
 catch the proper distance from the point  
 of view of her object, “ look at that  
 “ back and shoulders, and tell me if it is  
 “ not well done : all the way down, the  
 “ whole is so natural.” Benvolio, whose  
 modesty now gave way to indignation,  
 exclaimed : “ How do you know, lady,  
 “ whether it be natural or not ?” The  
 young lady laughed, and said, that she  
 saw such pictures every day. “ Then I  
 “ no longer wonder at your judgment,  
 “ lady,” replied Benvolio, “ nor at  
 “ your unabashed examination of sights  
 “ which confound a stranger like me.”  
 The young lady renewed her laugh, and  
 continued admiring the picture. The  
 knight declared that it was inconsistent  
 with his profession to remain in such a  
 room,



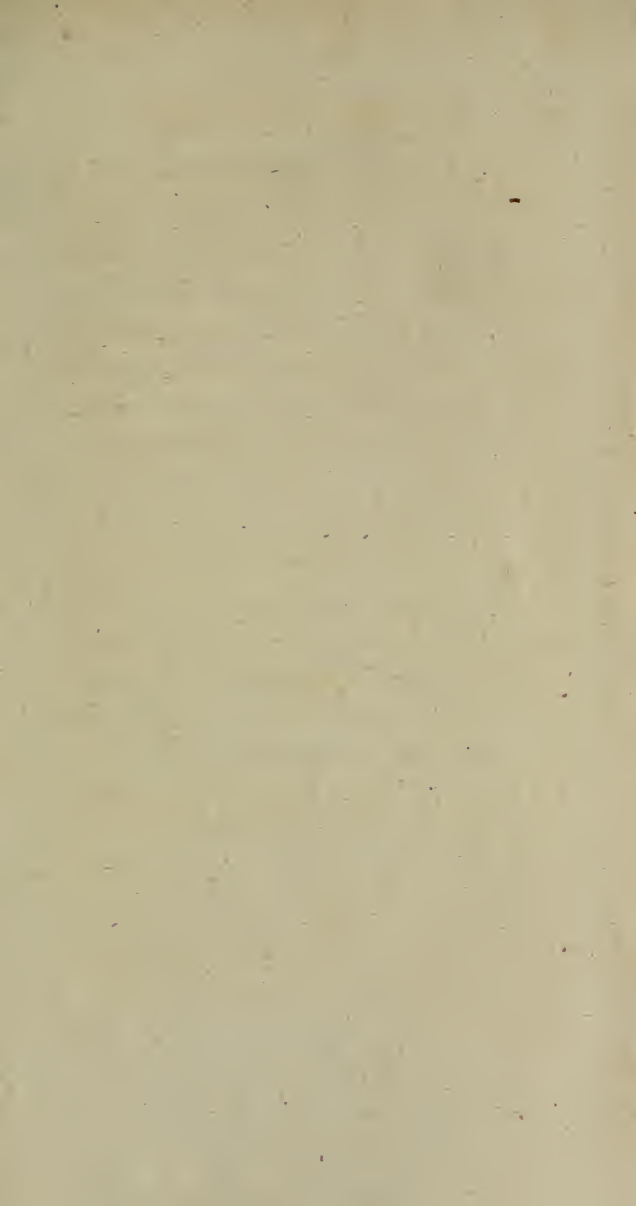
room, and having no desire to see the master of it, drew Krites to the door at which they had come in.

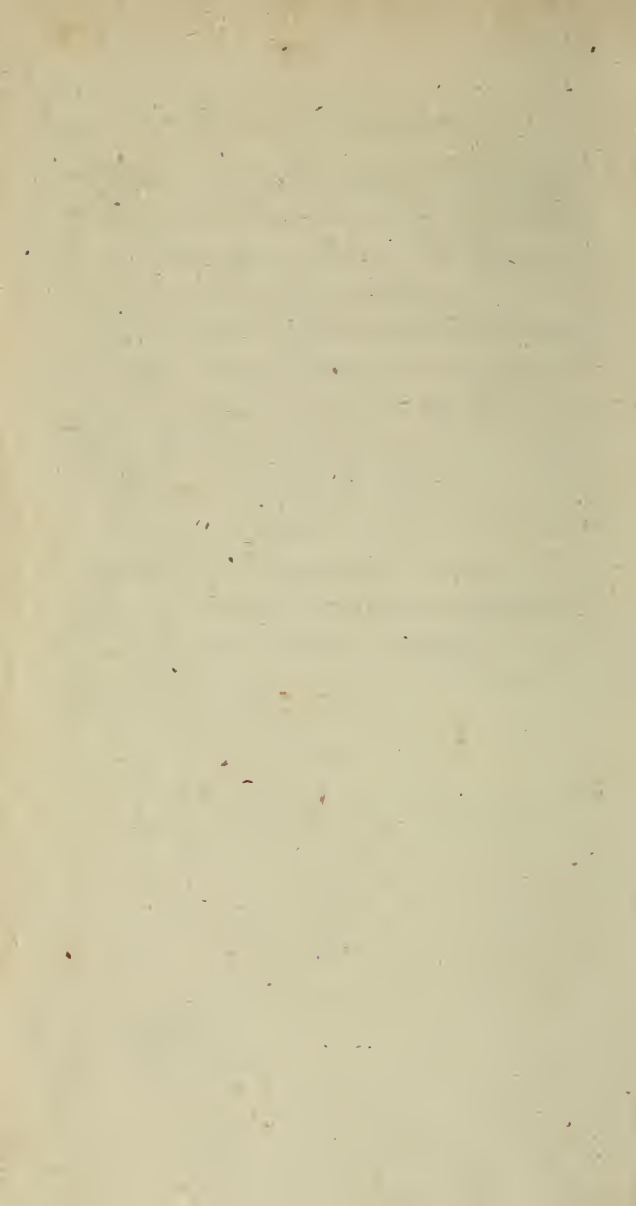
“ Is every painter’s antichamber like  
 “ this artist’s,” asked Benvolio, as they  
 left the house. “ There is not a similar  
 “ one in Neuron,” replied Krites, “ for  
 “ no Noufaisthesian of real merit would  
 “ abandon the delicacy observed in his  
 “ own country ; and even those who  
 “ are not above mediocrity will not pub-  
 “ licly expose themselves to the censure  
 “ of their countrymen.”—“ How is it  
 “ then that the man whose house we have  
 “ left is so hardy?” demanded Benvolio ;  
 “ for there is indeed, as you forewarned  
 “ me, a freedom of style which is the  
 “ summit of boldness.”—“ The fact,”  
 replied Krites, “ is, that he is the off-  
 “ spring of an Aisthesian woman, by a  
 “ Noufaisthesian, whose country he as-  
 “ sumes. He has inherited some of his  
 “ father’s

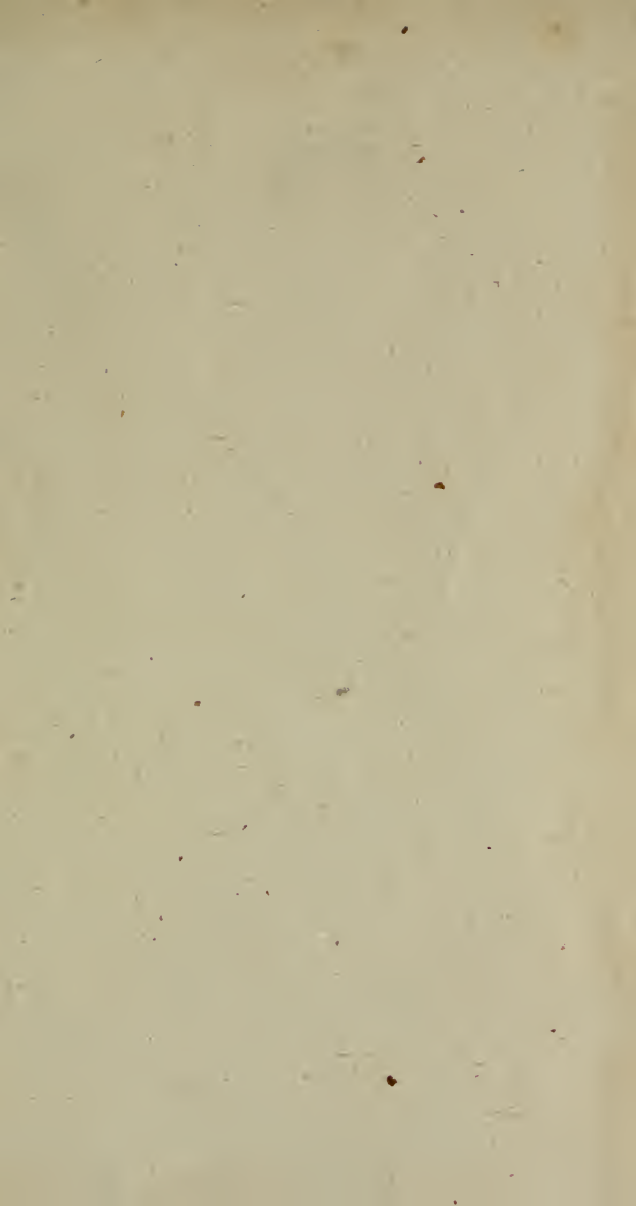
“ father’s acuteness, and all the licentiousness of his mother. He is admired in Neuron, but would not be tolerated in any part of Noufaisthesis.”

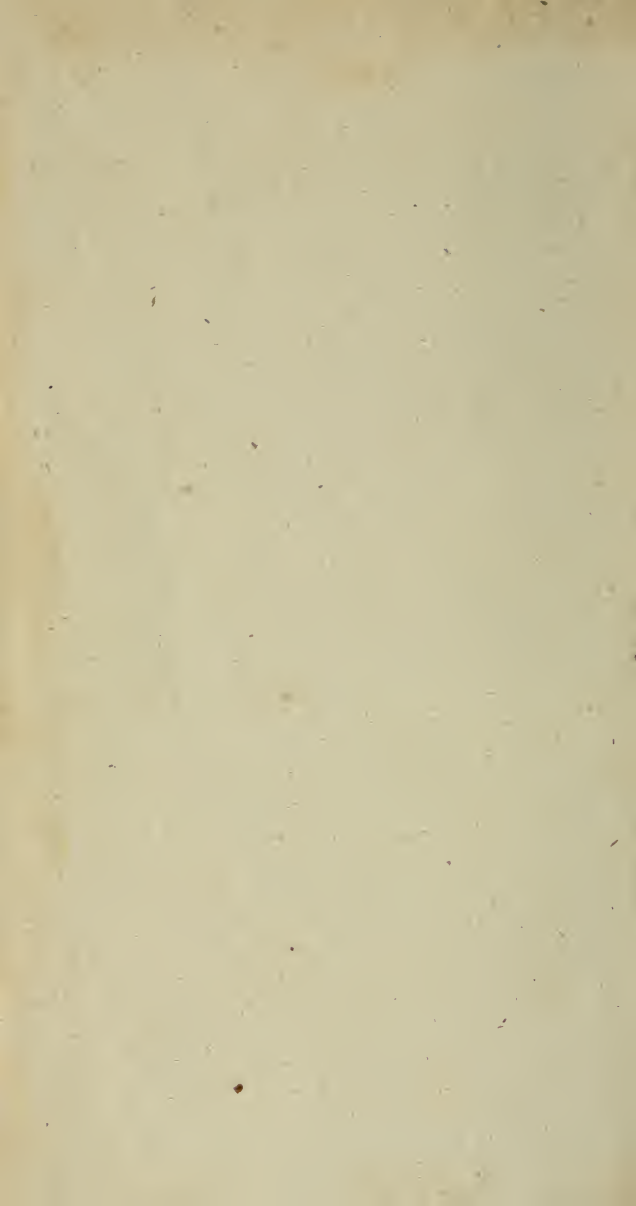
The knight and his friend fell into discourse about Noufaisthesis as they walked along, which excited in the former a strong desire of passing immediately on to that part of Dokimasia. He was, however, persuaded to see more of Aisthesis first, and having visited the principal quarters of Neuron, he appointed to meet Krites in the evening and accompany him to the play.

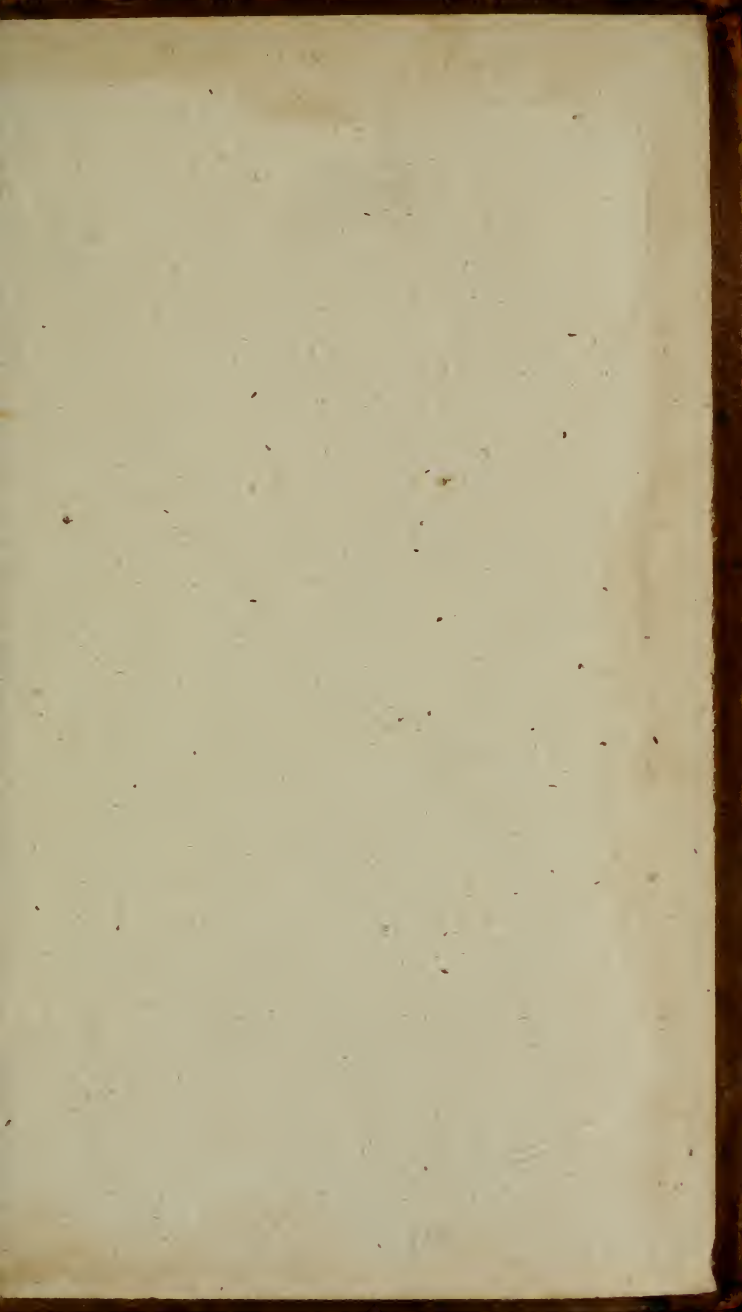
END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.





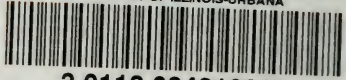








UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 084210266